

GOLD
KEY

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

Huckleberry Hound

A BEANSTALK
WITHOUT
JACK!



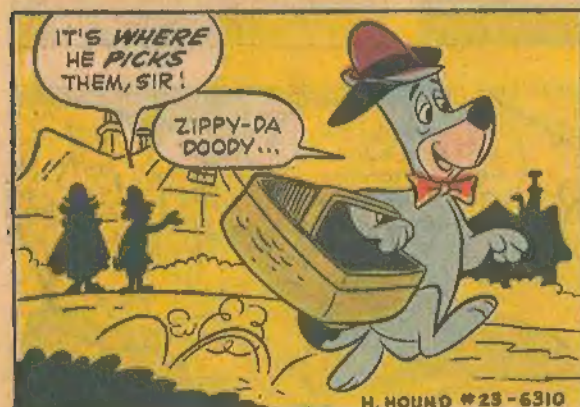
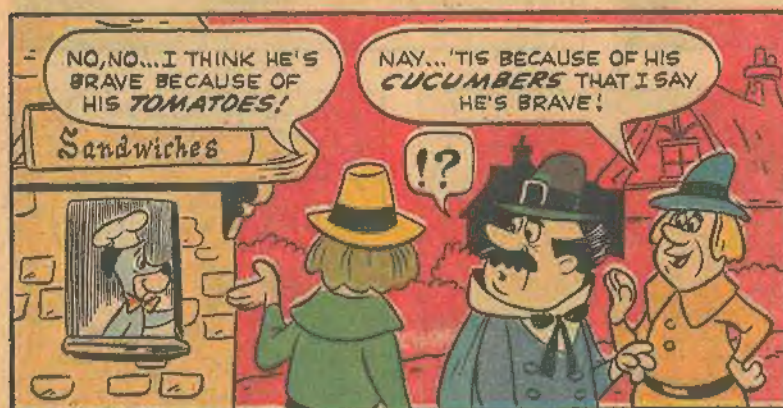
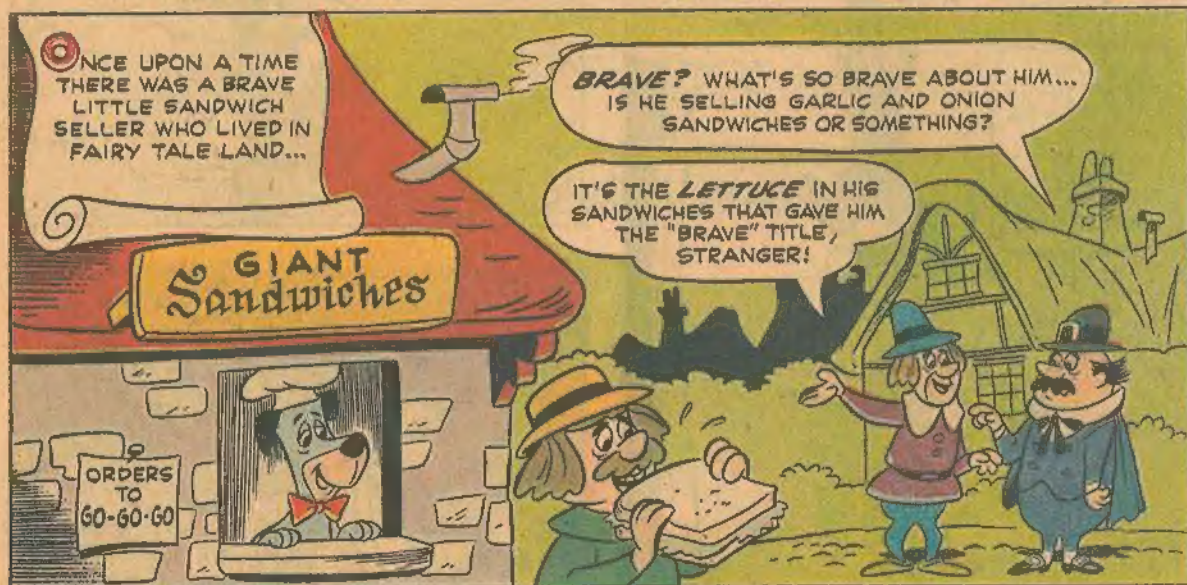
PIXIE, DIXIE
AND MR. JINKS

FORTY HOODWINKS

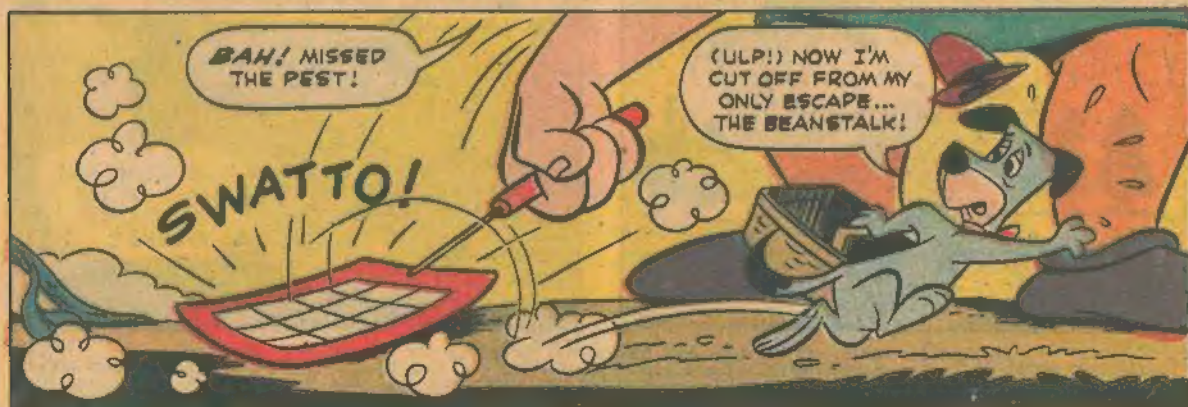
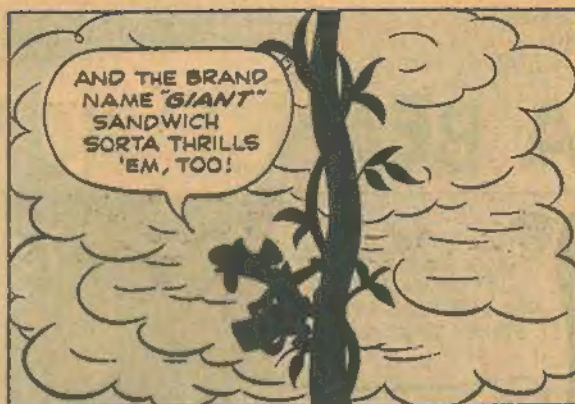


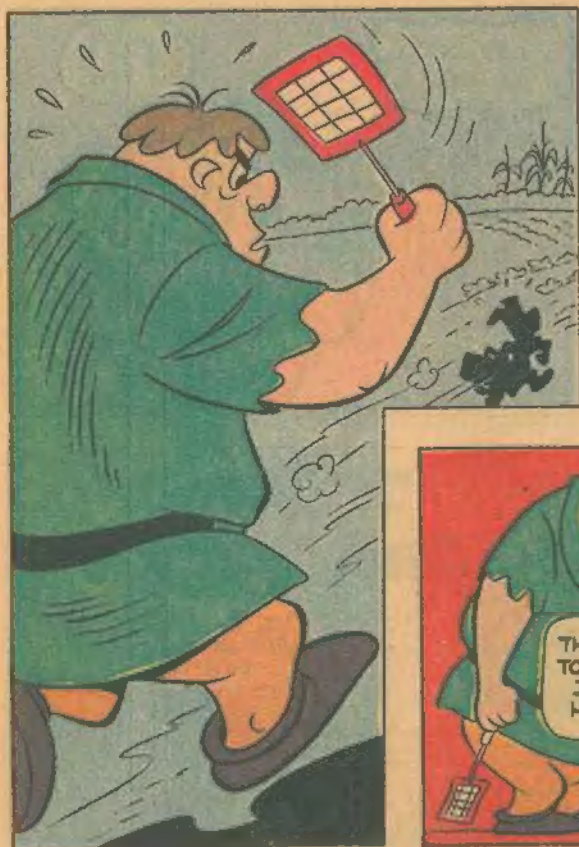
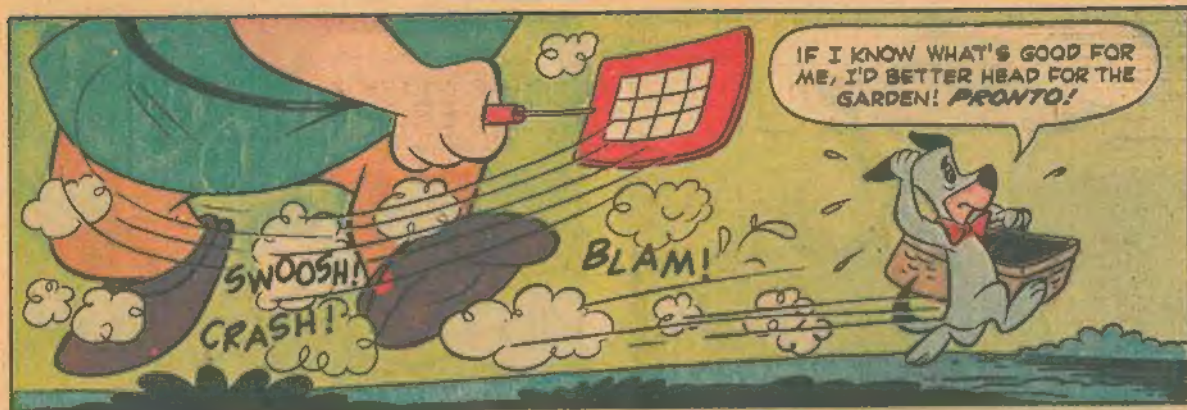
Hanna-Barbera HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

A BEANSTALK WITHOUT JACK



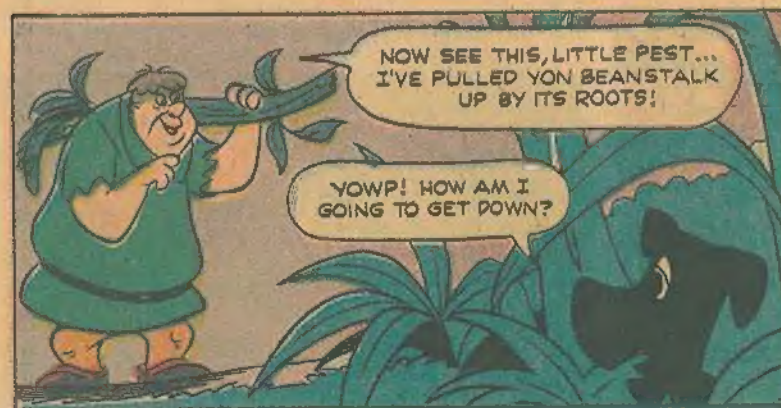
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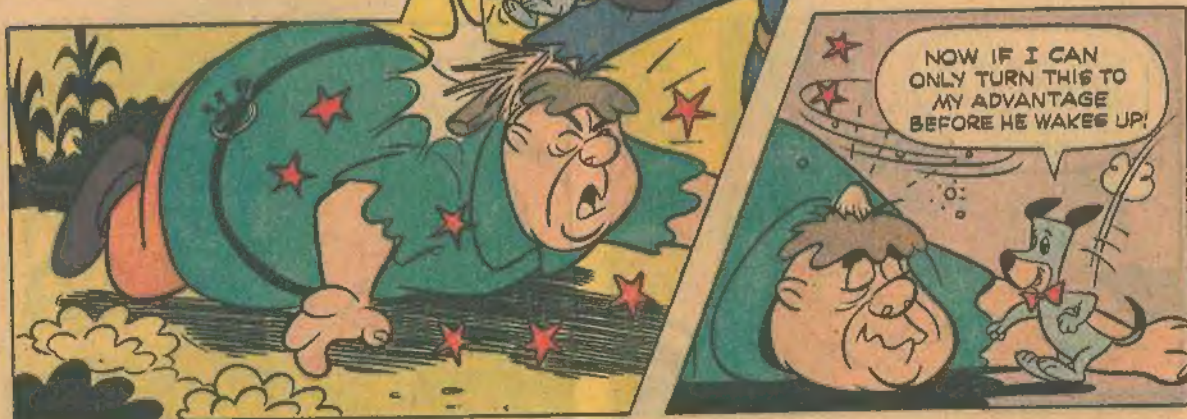


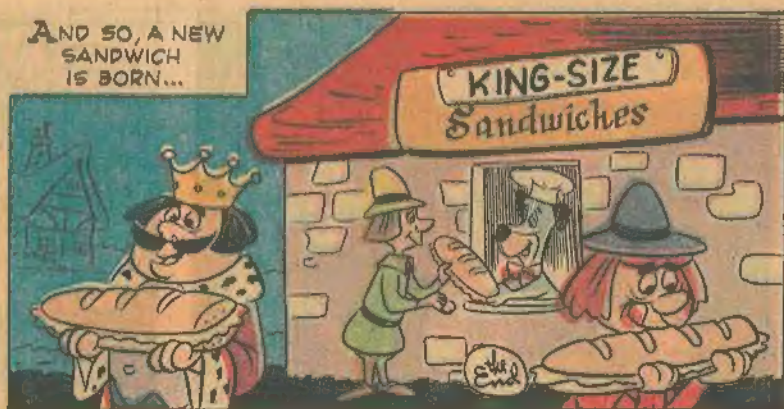
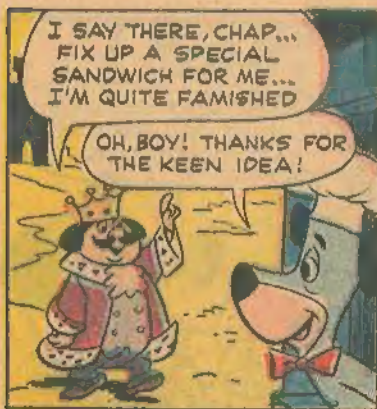
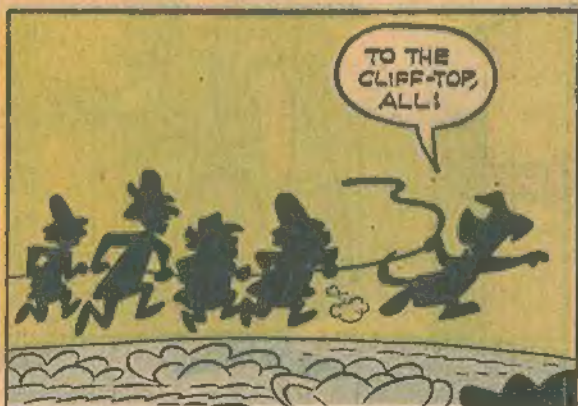
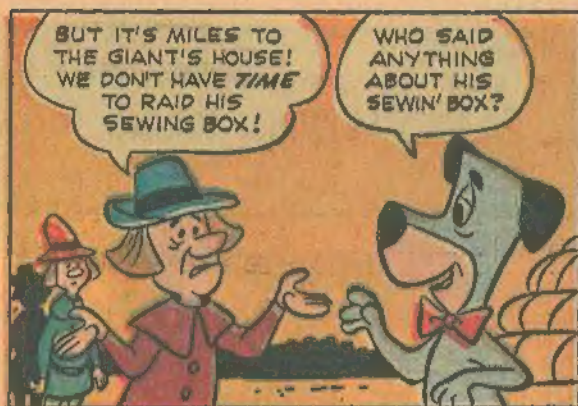
THEN SUDDENLY A SHADOW MOVES OVER OUR BRAVE LITTLE SANDWICH SELLER...







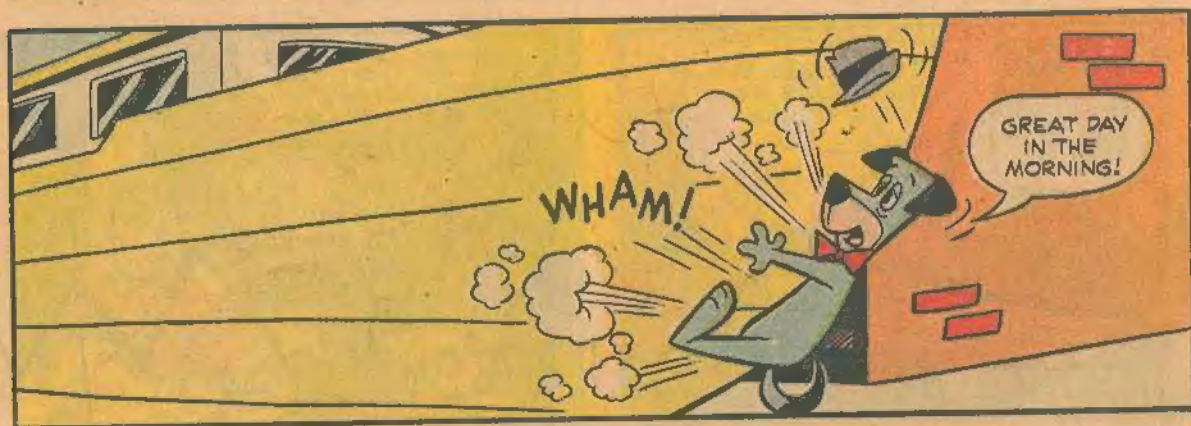


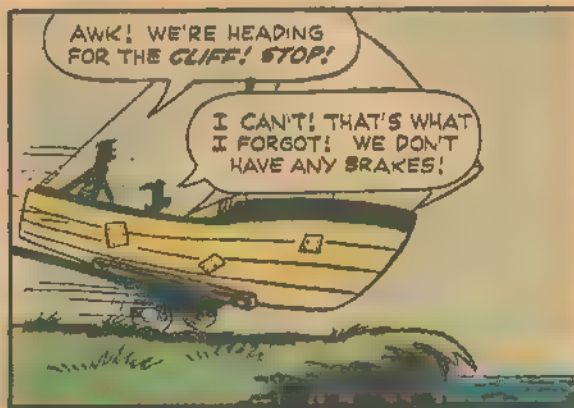
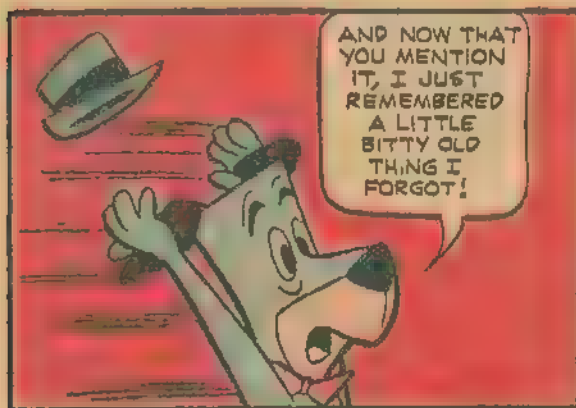
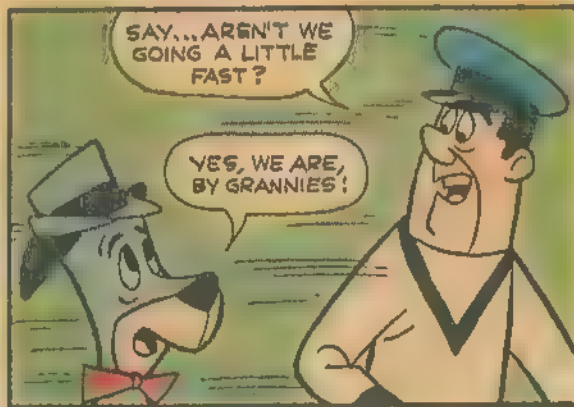
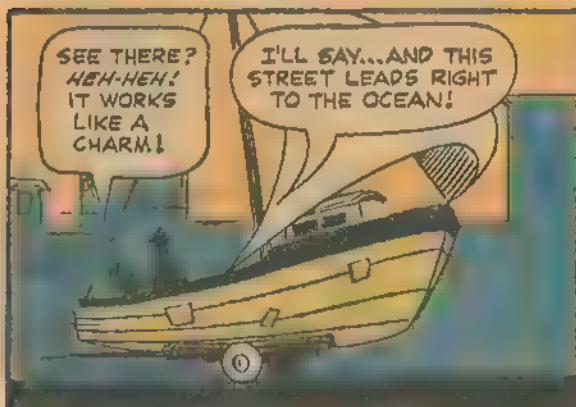
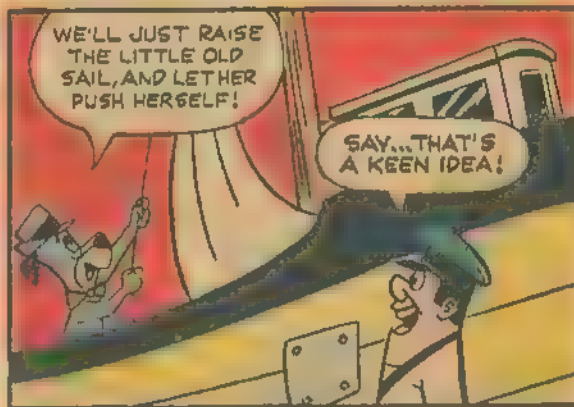
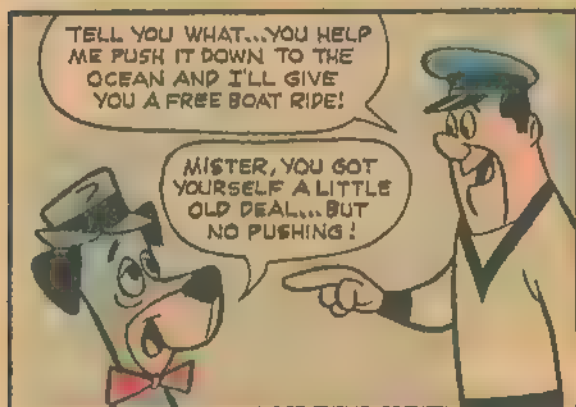
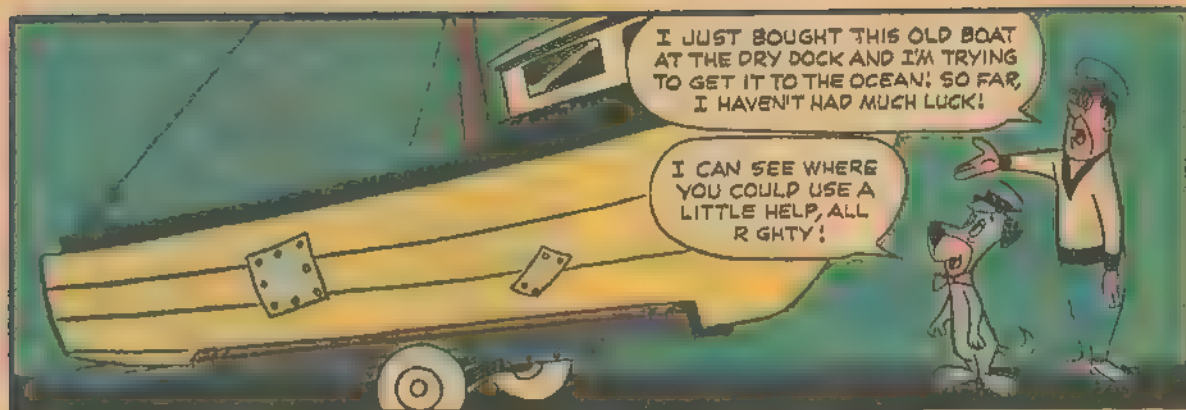


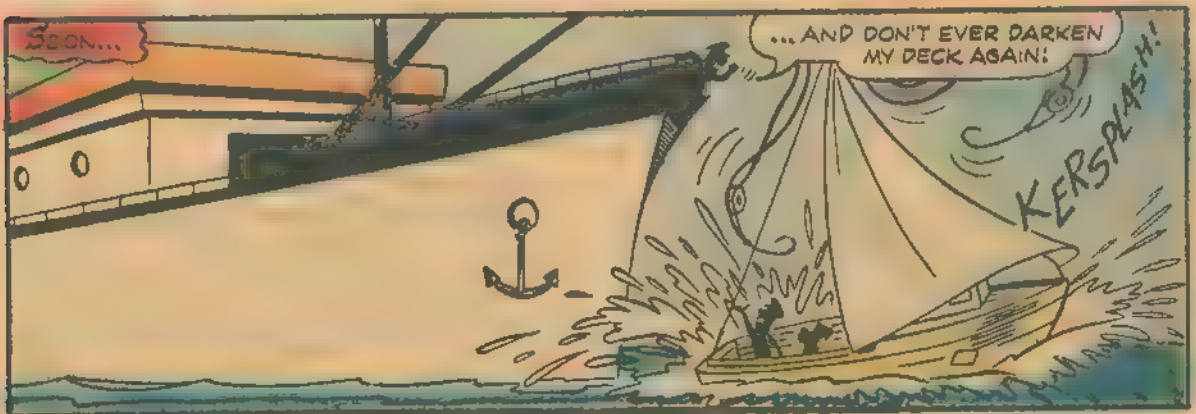
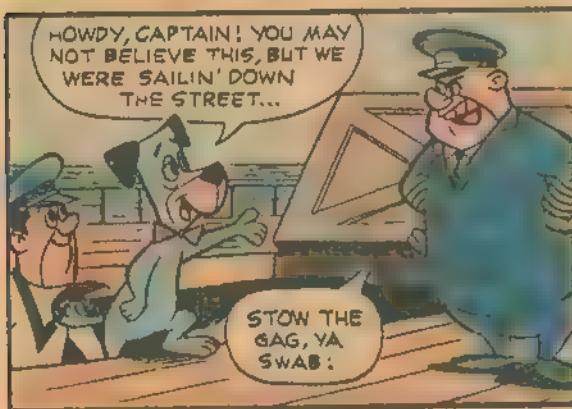
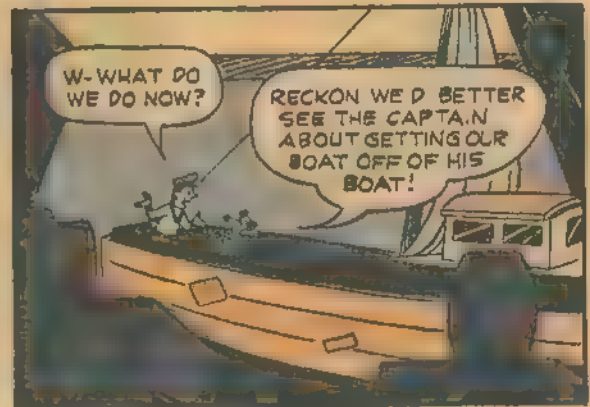
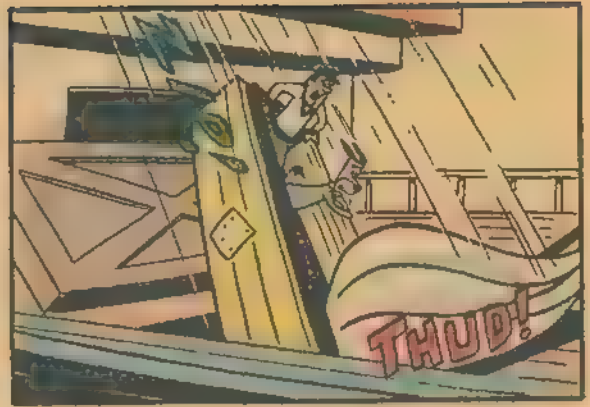
Hanna-Barbera
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

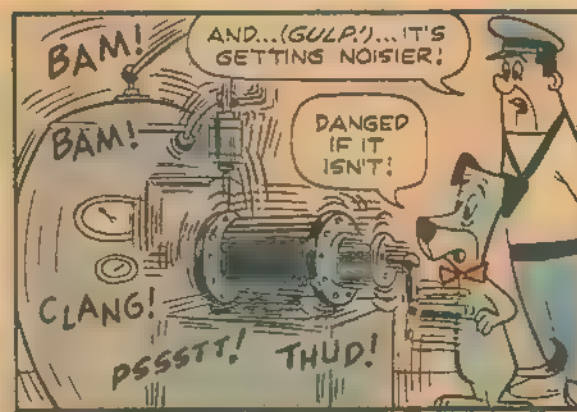
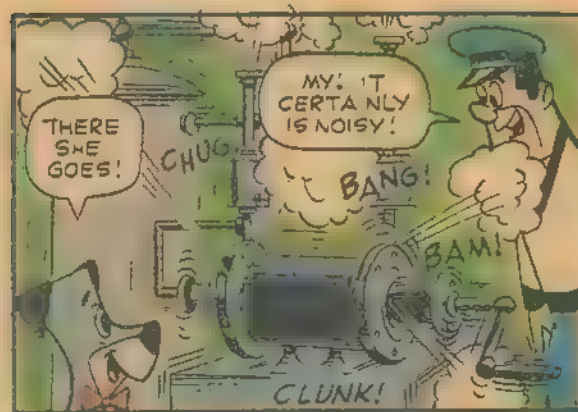
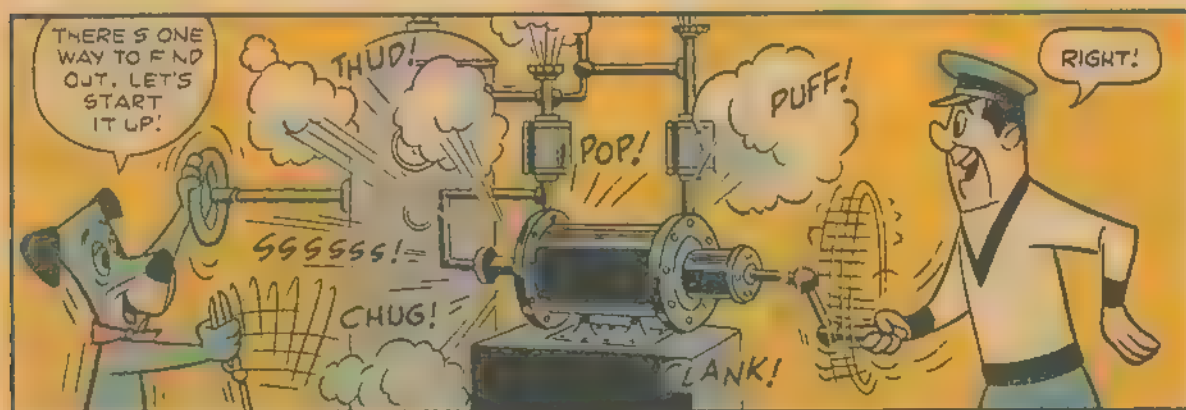
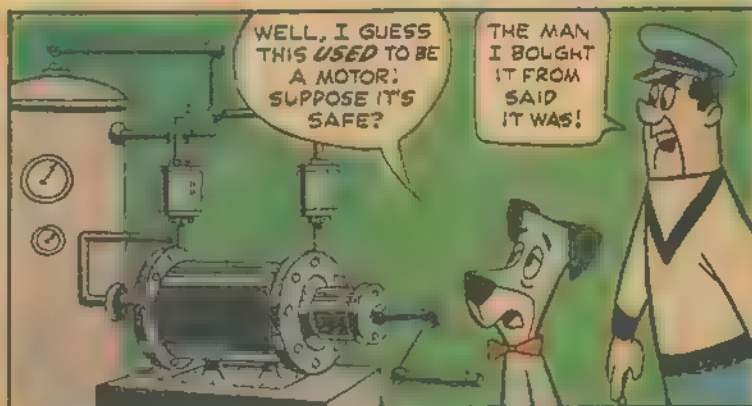
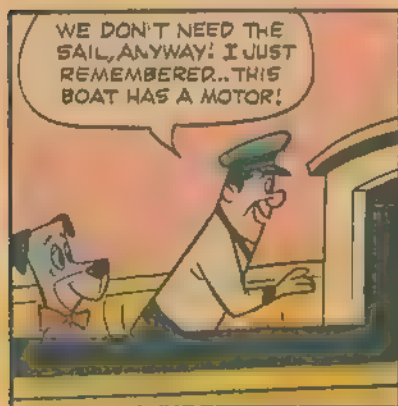
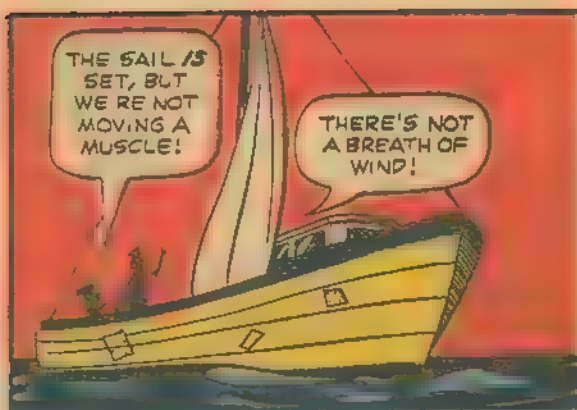
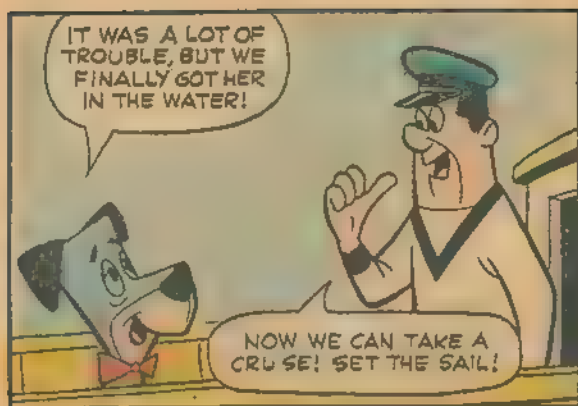
FORTUNE KOOKY

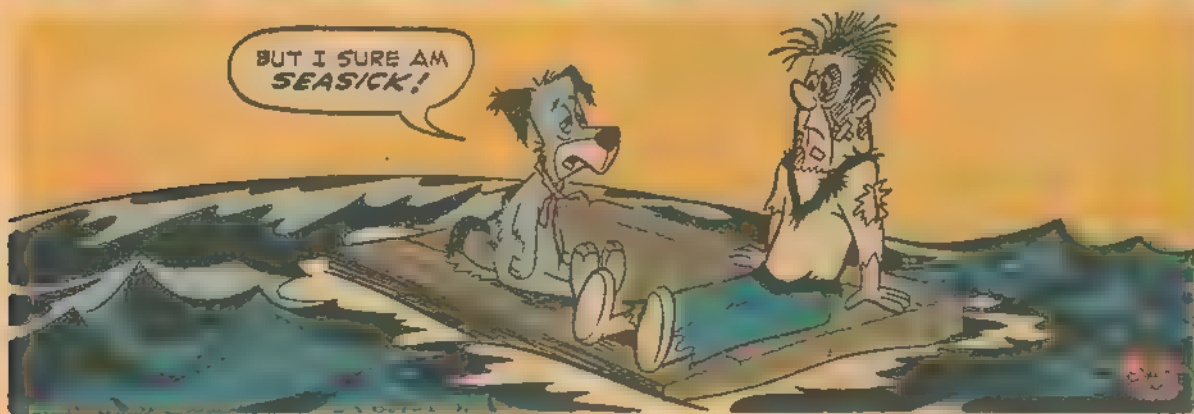
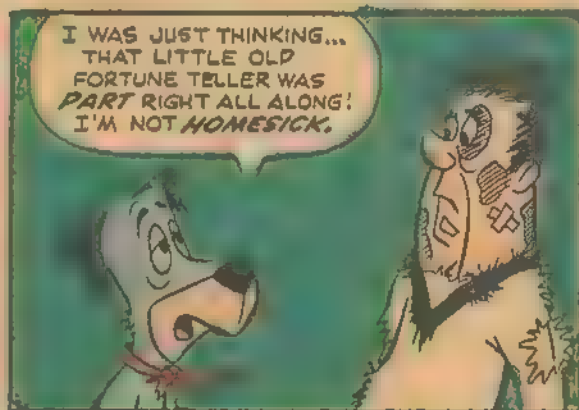
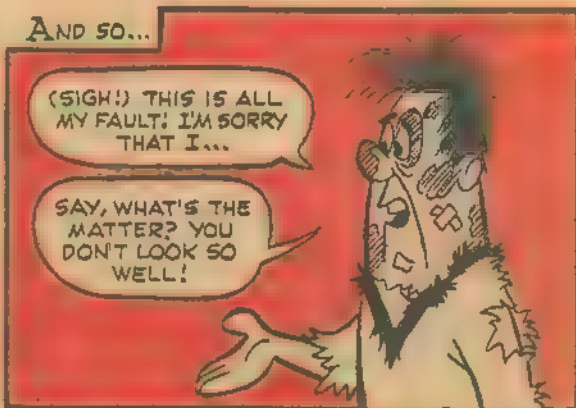
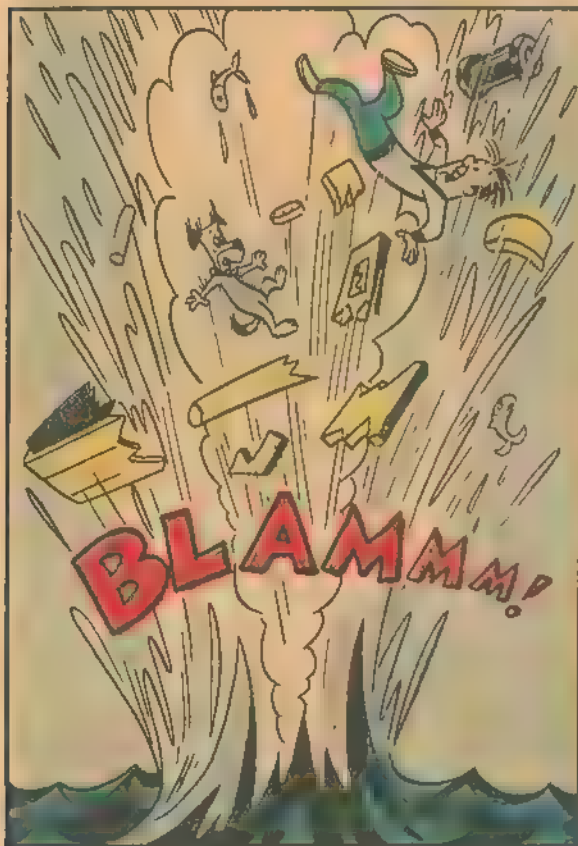
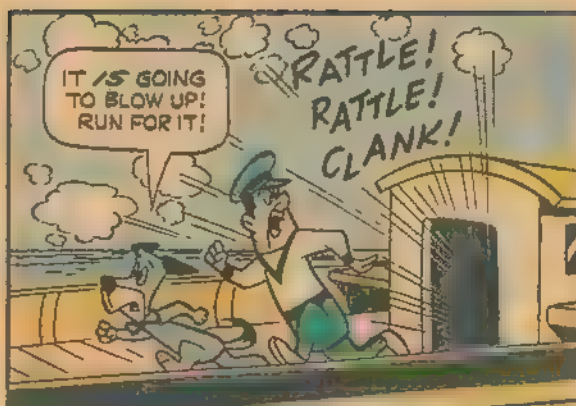
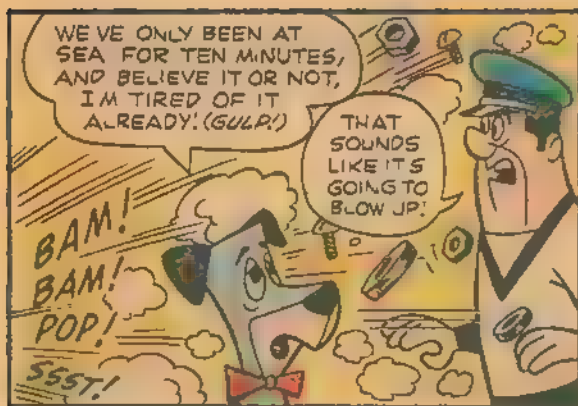


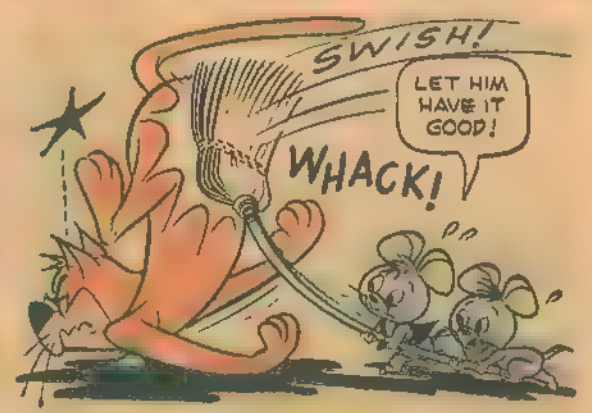
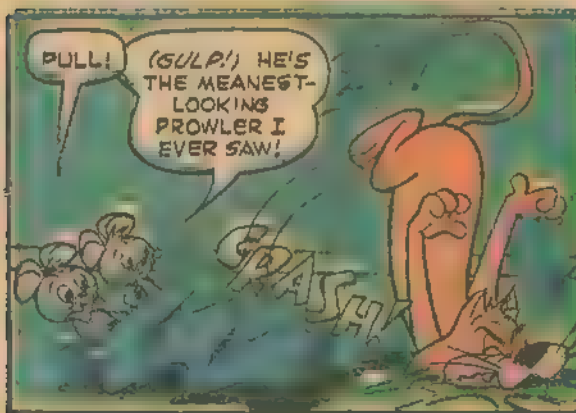
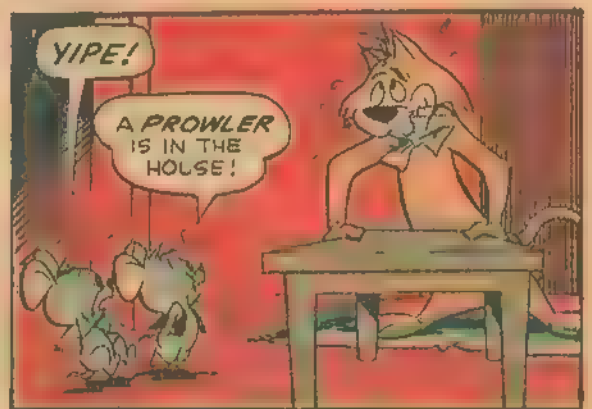
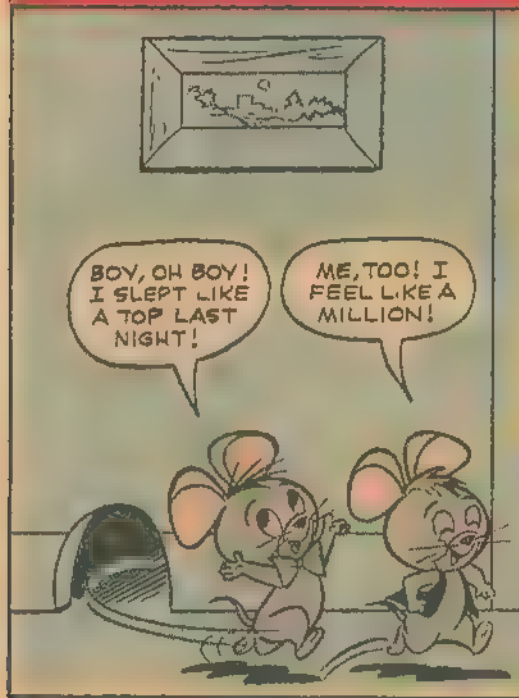


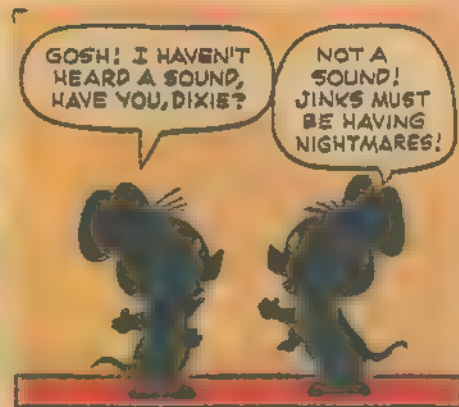
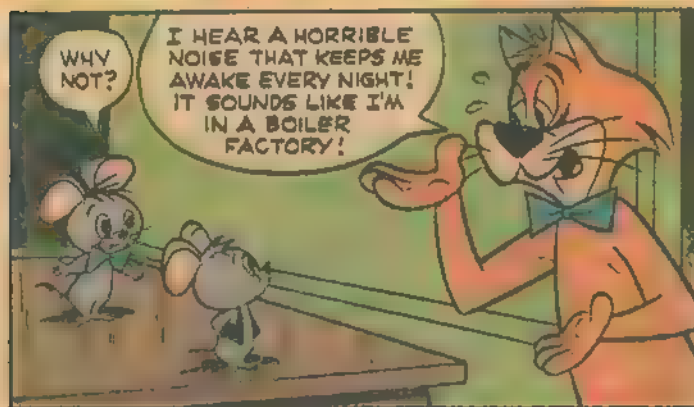
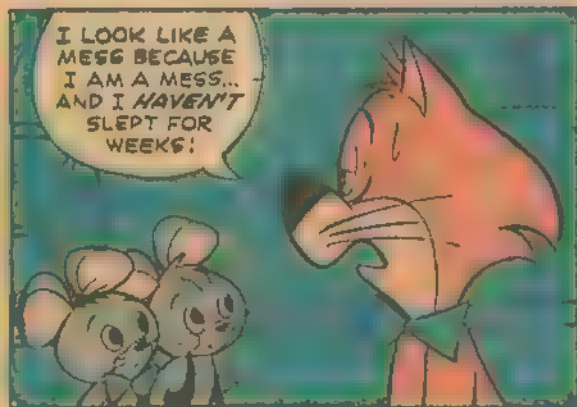
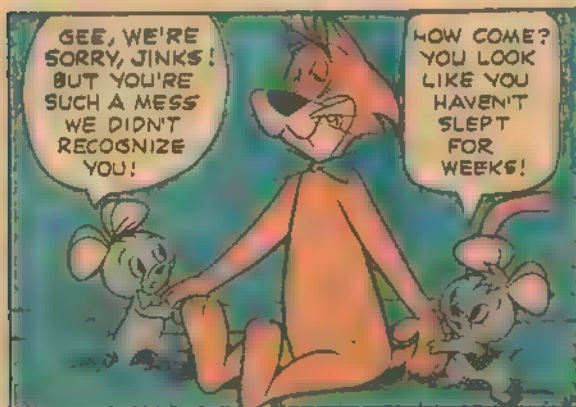
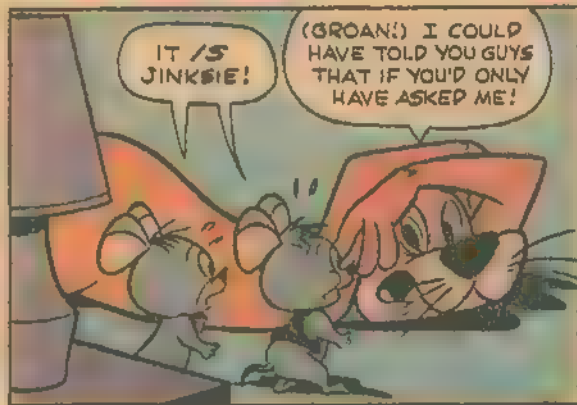
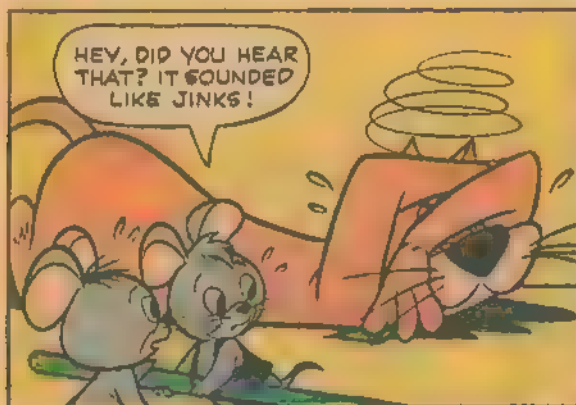
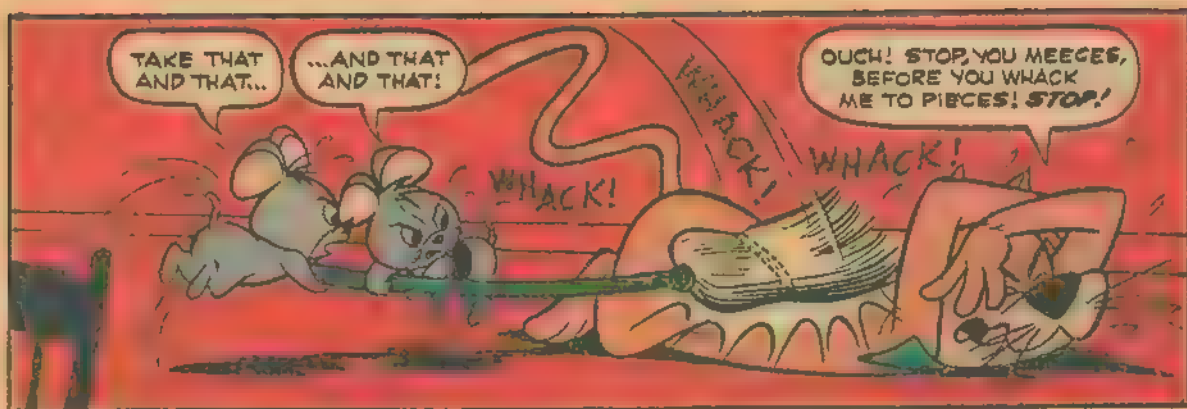


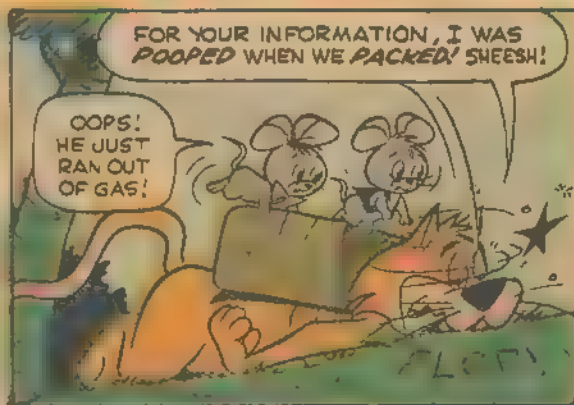
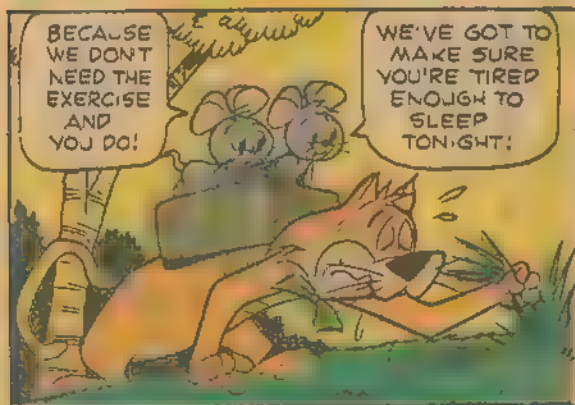
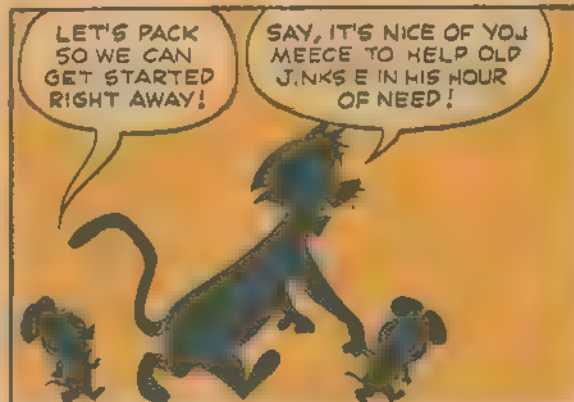
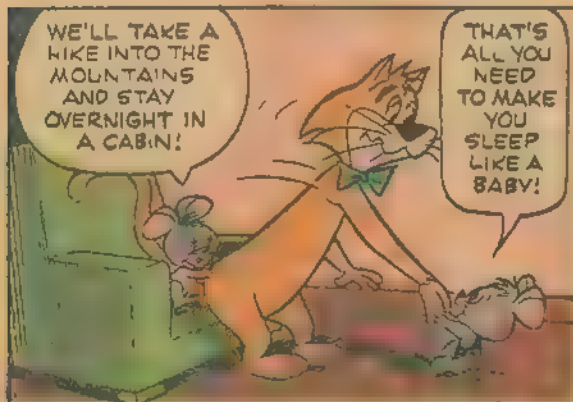
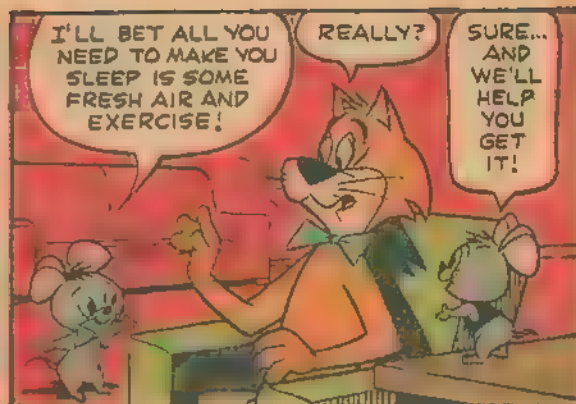
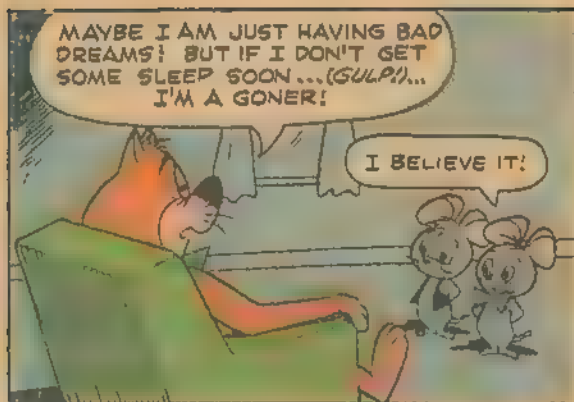


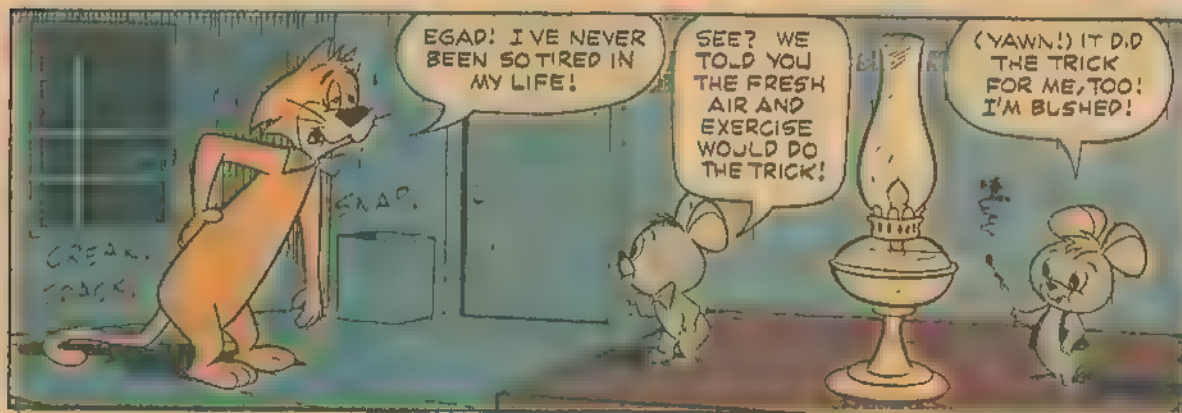
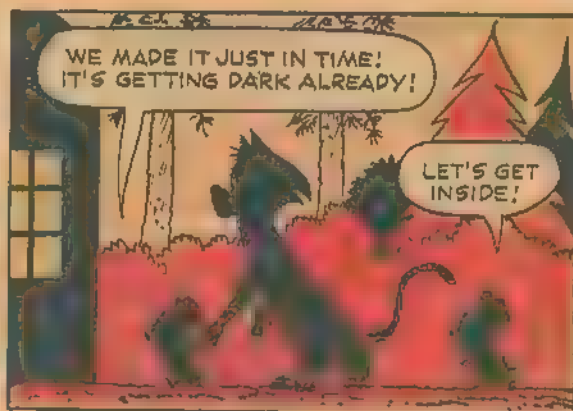
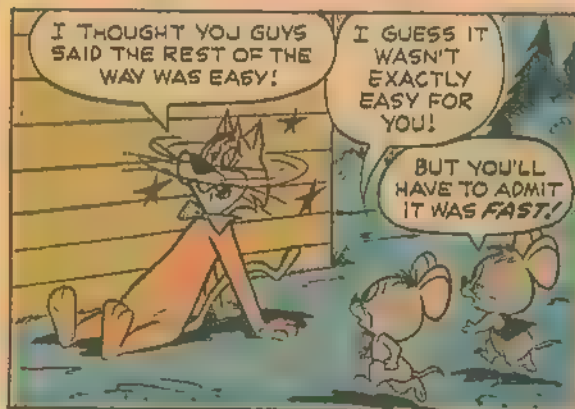
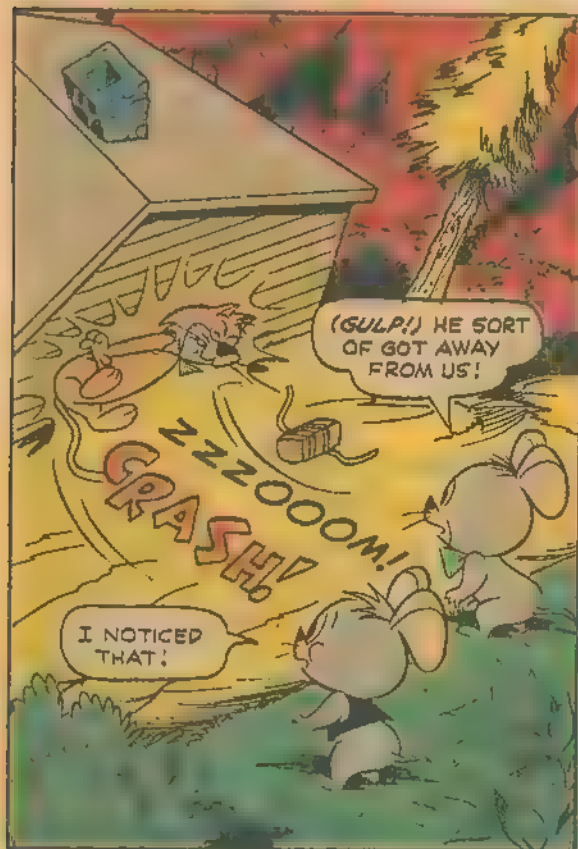
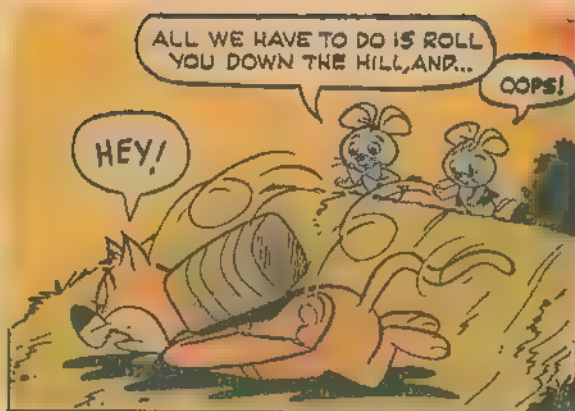
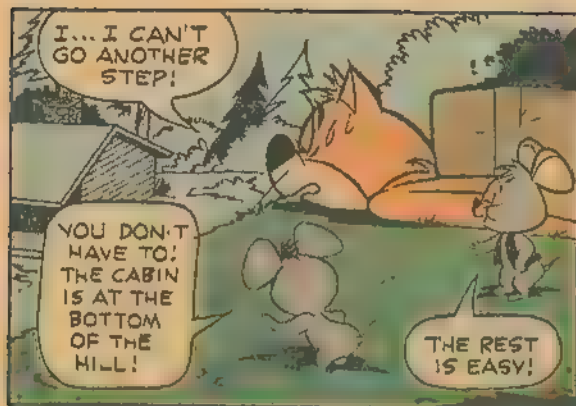


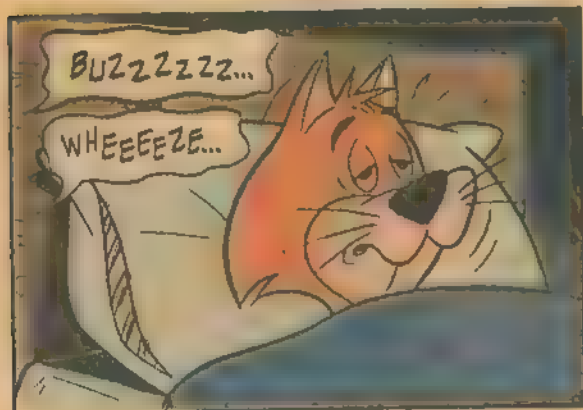
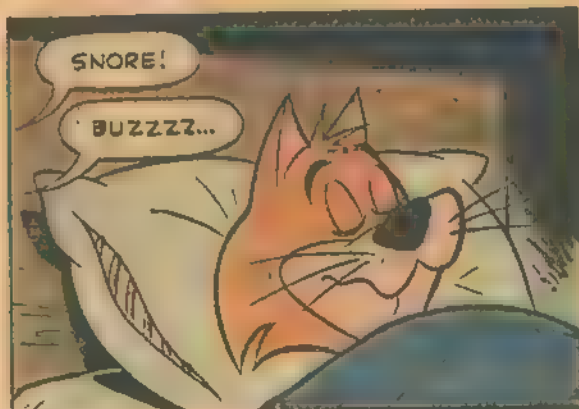


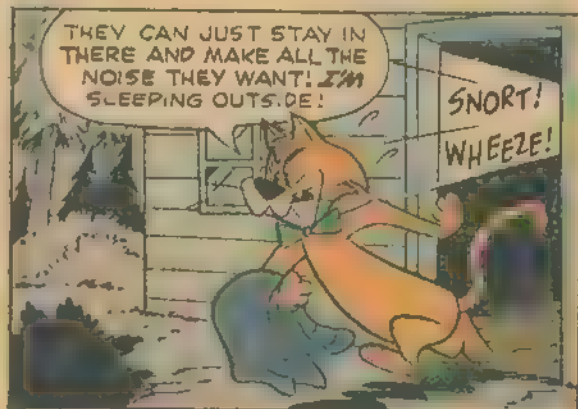
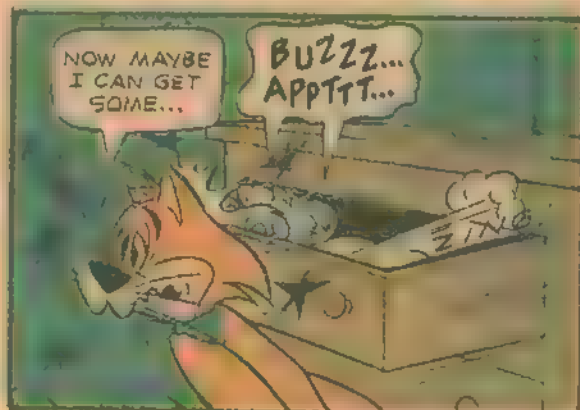
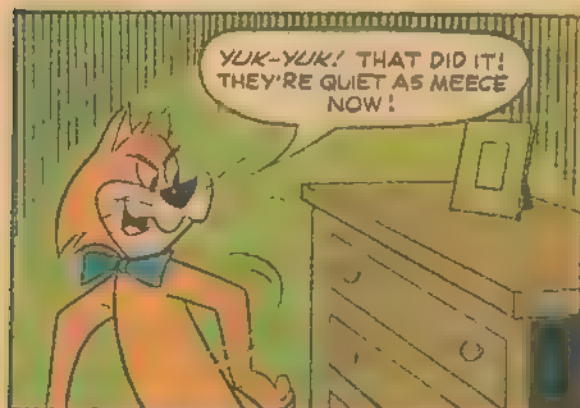
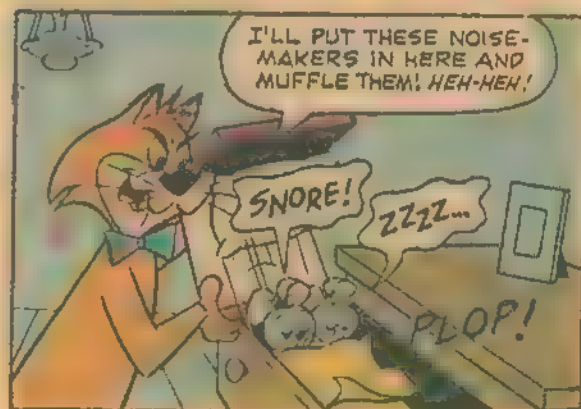
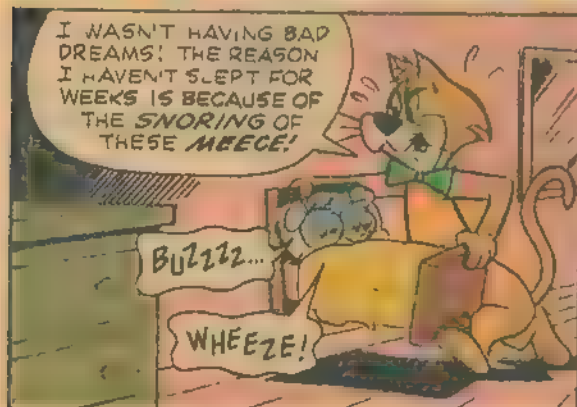
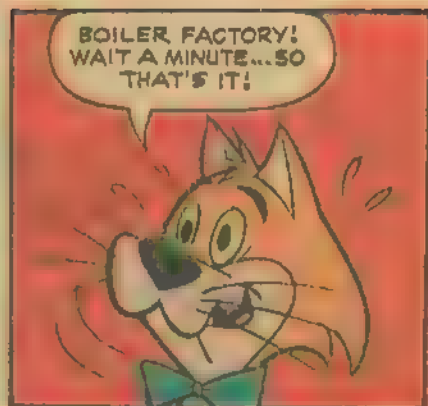
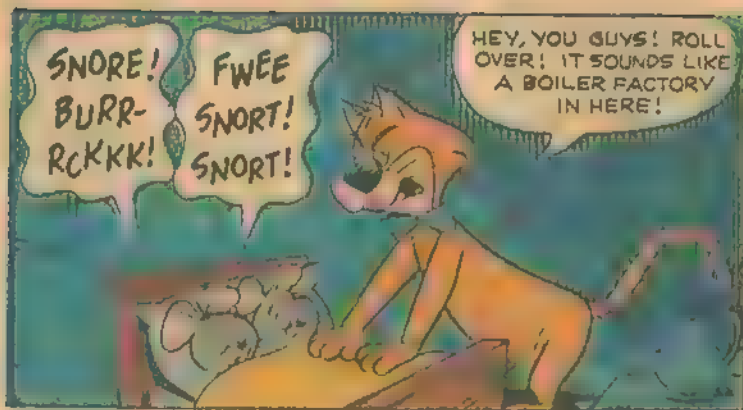












HOURS LATER...

(CHATTER! CHATTER!) IT'S NO USE!
I CAN'T STAY OUT HERE, OR I'LL
FREEZE! BESIDES, I CAN STILL
HEAR THE MEECE!

I CAN'T STAND ANY
MORE OF THIS! I'VE
GOT TO STOP THAT
RACKET!

BUZZZZT!
SNORE!

WAKE UP, YOU
MEECE-TYPE
BUZZSAWS!
WAKE UP!

ZZZZZ...
WHEEZE!

NOTHING!

WAKE UP,
EVERYBODY!
UP! UP! UP!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

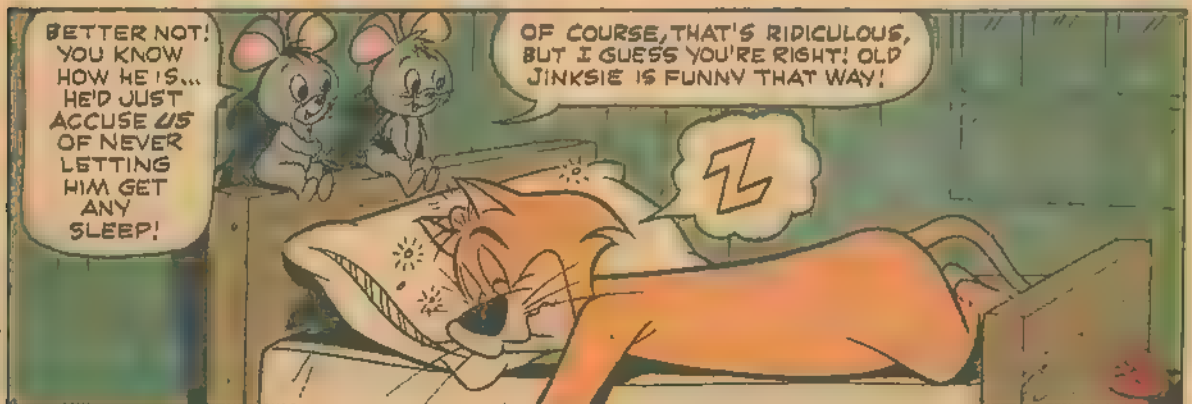
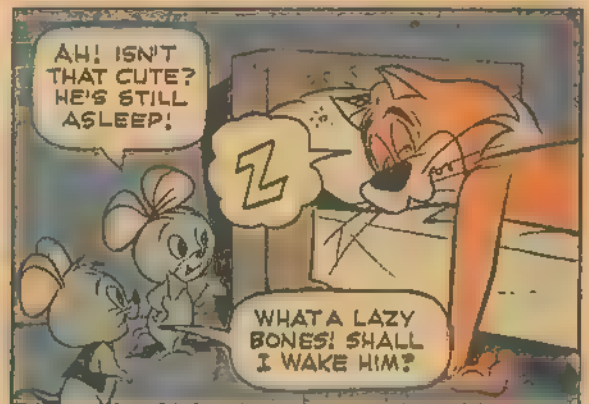
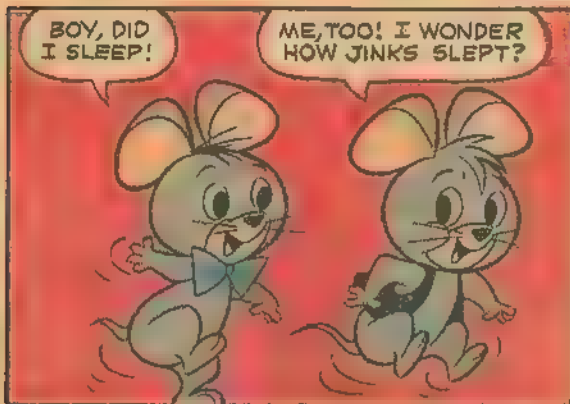
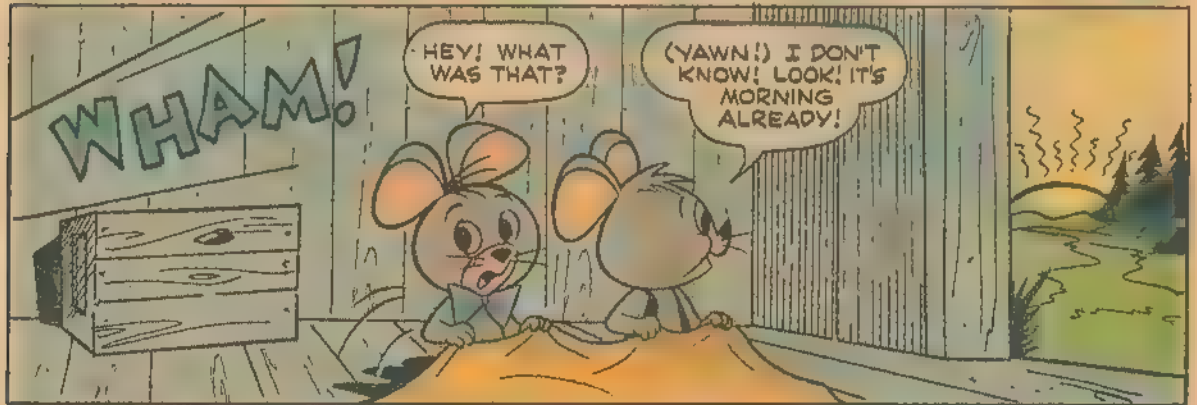
ZZZZZ...
SNORT!

BAWWW! THEY DIDN'T
EVEN BAT AN EYE!

BZZZZT!
ZZZZZZ

WHEEZE
ZZZZ...

I CAN'T WAKE THEM
UP...AND I CAN'T SHUT
THEM UP! THE ONLY
THING UP IS THE SUN
...AND ME!





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If you had been given the chance to choose, would you have selected your name for your very own? If you would have, then you are as lucky as the whippoorwill. He named himself, because, when he sings, he says "whippoorwill," over and over, with the accent on the last syllable.

As a matter of fact, the whippoorwill is much more often heard than seen. For that reason, many people who have listened to his call for years have no idea what he looks like, and they would not recognize him if they did see him.

With his mottled black, white, gray, and brown feathers, whippoorwill blends in so completely with the surroundings where he selects his perch that he is almost invisible. But an even more important reason for his obscurity is the fact that he is not a fellow who is constantly on the wing, always flitting from tree to bush to vine.

Whippoorwills rarely fly unless they are in search of food, and then only at night. Moths and flying insects are the favorite diet, and they snap them up in mid-air. They will swoop very low in pursuit of food, and often light on the ground to capture particularly tasty morsels.

When it comes to housekeeping, whippoorwills are exceedingly lazy. They do not build

nests, and they lay their eggs in hollowed-out depressions in the ground or in logs. For a creature as tiny as a bird, compared with the predatory beasts who love to feed on birds' eggs, this is truly living dangerously. The parent birds seem to know this, however, and they watch over their little ones carefully. At the first sign of approaching danger, they grasp the eggs or baby birds in their beaks and fly with them to a safer place.

The eastern whippoorwill has a western cousin, the poorwill, who has become famous for solving a riddle that has puzzled ornithologists for over two thousand years. In many cases, the migrations of birds could not be followed; they took off for warmer climates in the fall, but where they went nobody could discover. This naturally led to the question: did they fly away to some uninhabited, inaccessible area and hibernate there? After years of research, ornithologists have discovered that the poorwill really does hibernate.

High up on rocky western crags and in hollow logs, the poorwill settles down for his winter sleep. The length of his hibernation seems to depend less on the temperature than on the availability of food. If flying insects are on the wing early in the spring, then he will wake up and set out in pursuit of them. If the insects come out late, so will poorwill.

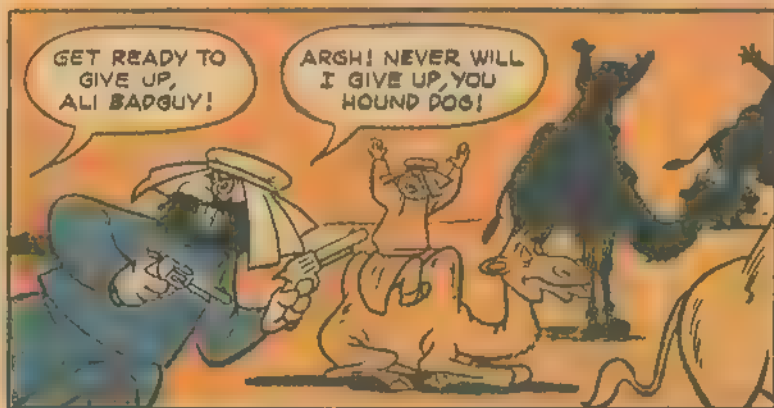
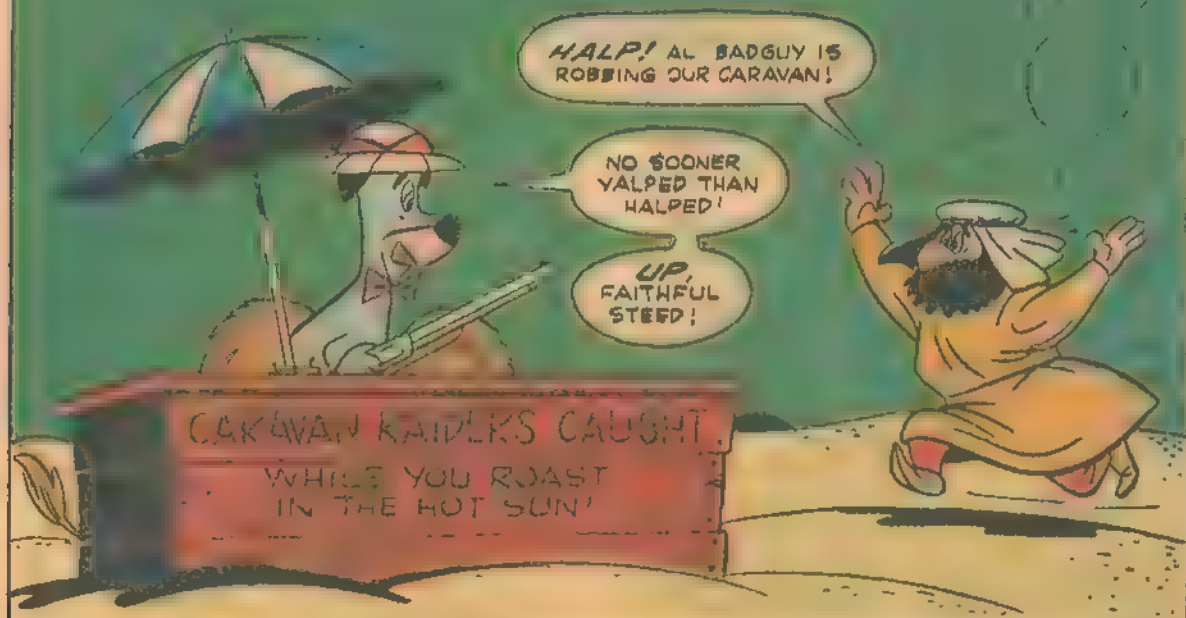
True hibernation involves a fall in body temperature and a seemingly total stop of heart beat and breathing. Tests made on hibernating poorwills have proven that they go into this state of true hibernation.

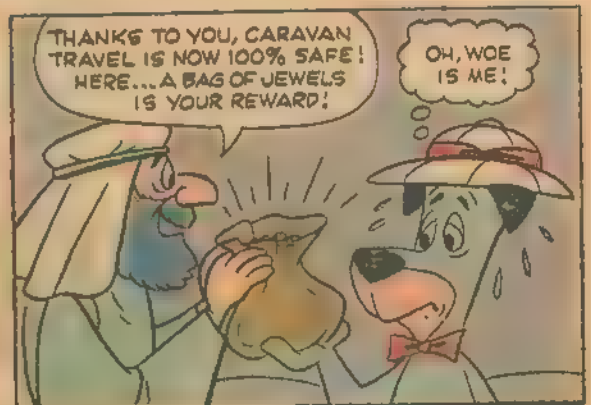
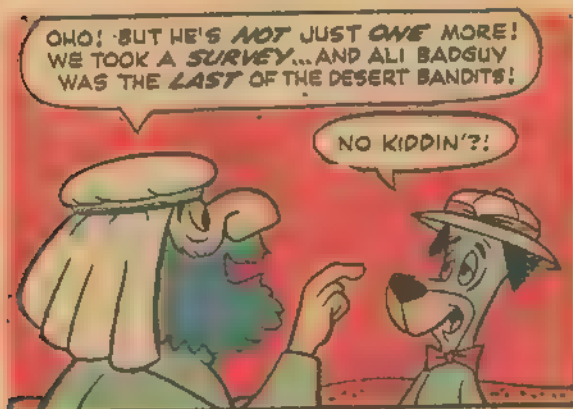
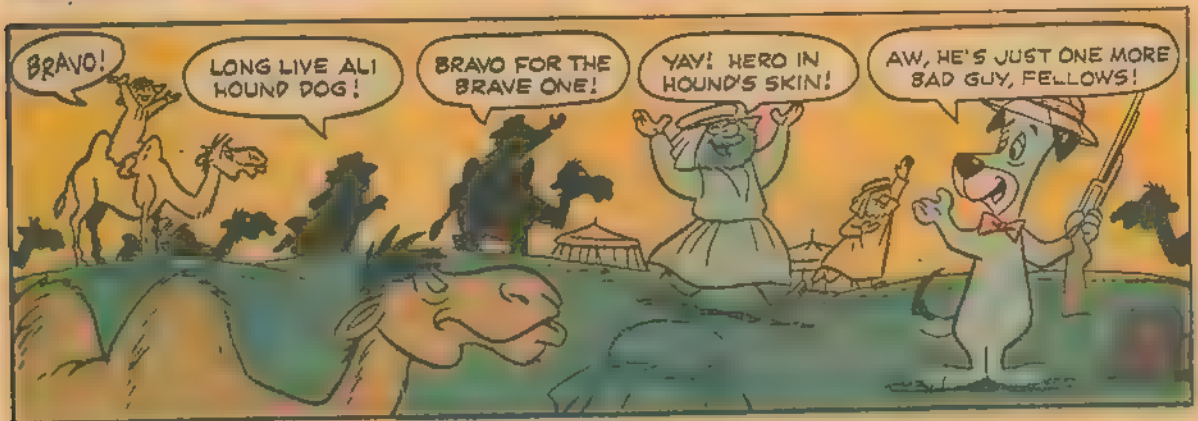
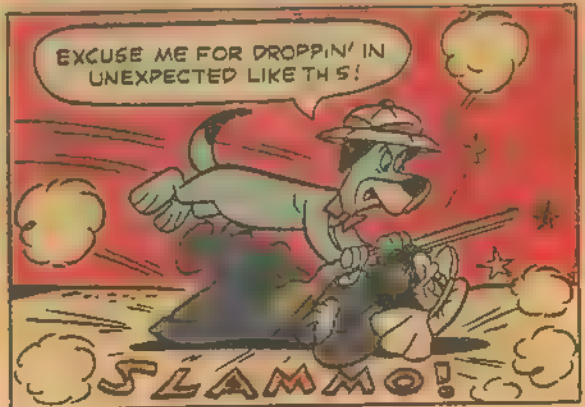
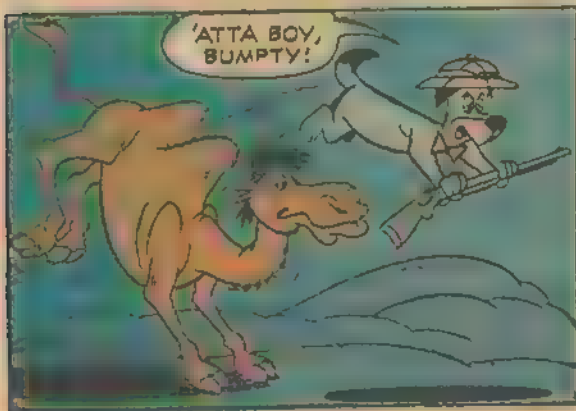
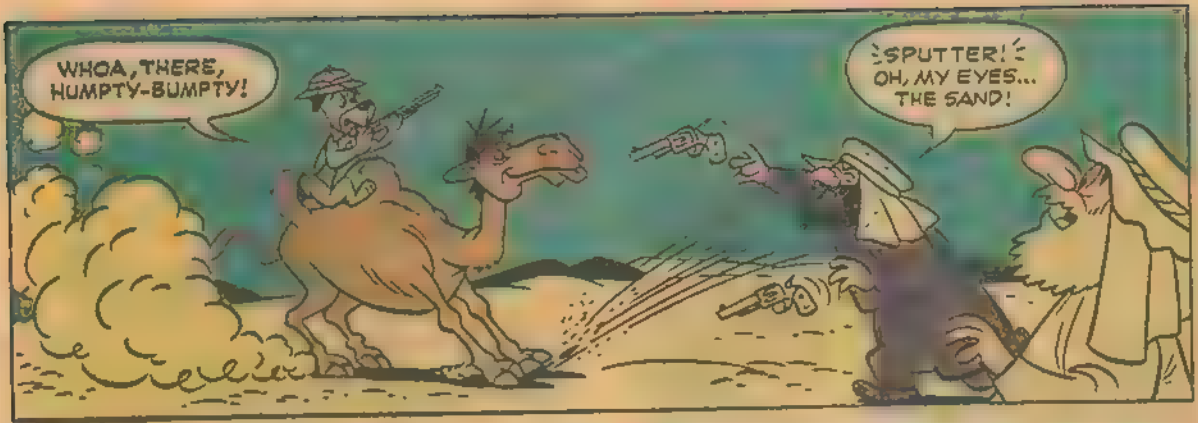
Not a bird to be afraid of man at any time, the poorwill in hibernation is so dead asleep that he can be handled with ease and never flicker even an eyelid — though he has been known to sleep with his eyelids wide open and yet not respond to the flashing of light into his eyeballs.

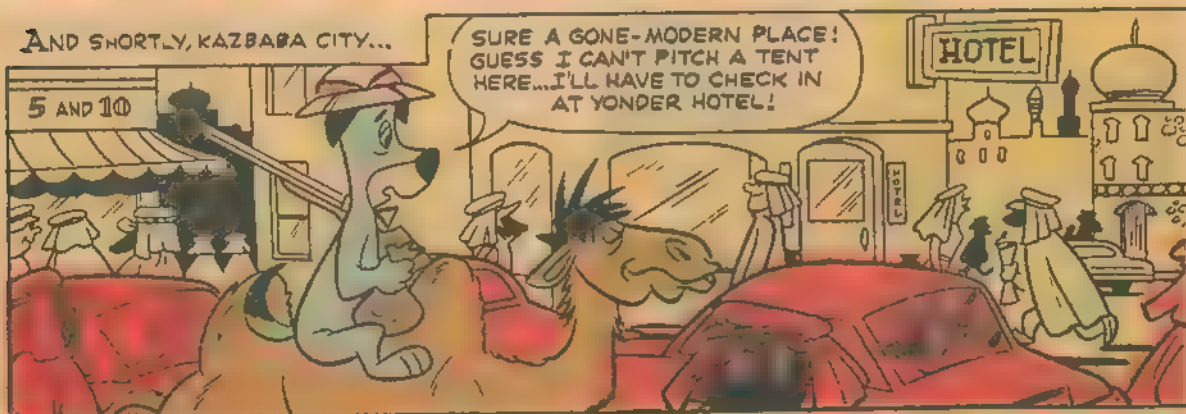
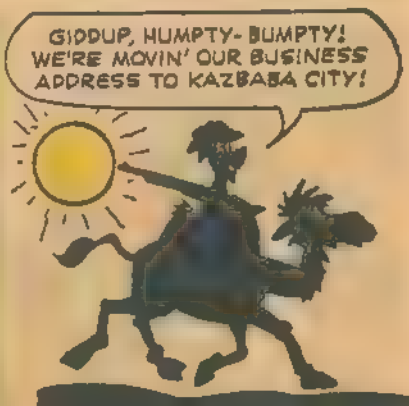
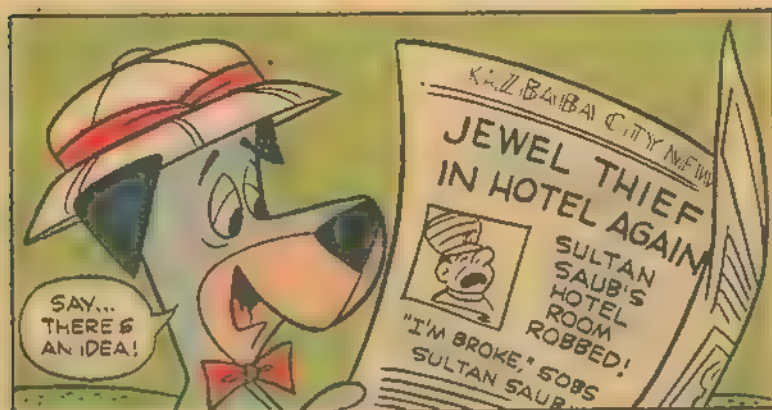
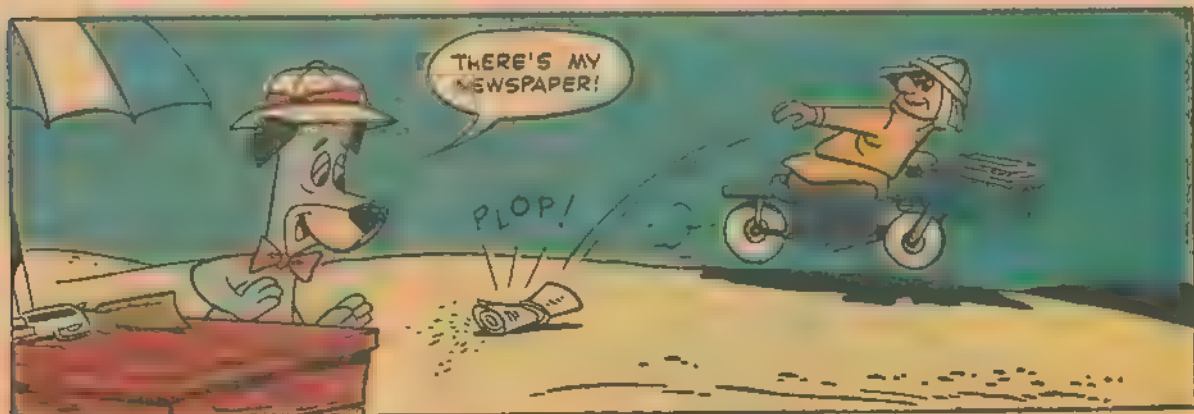
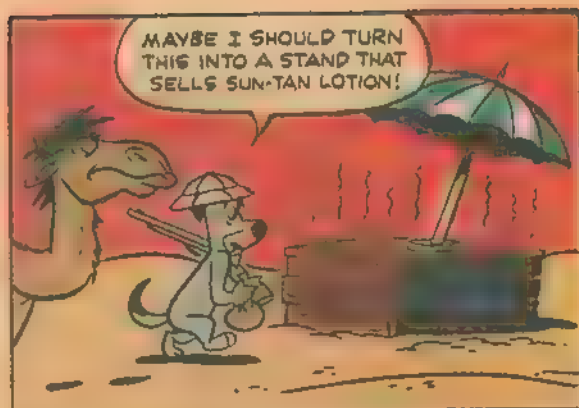
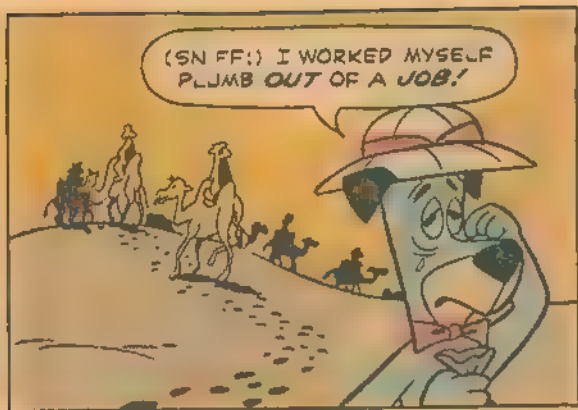
A puzzle which was unsolved for over two thousand years has been answered within our lifetime by a little bird named poorwill.

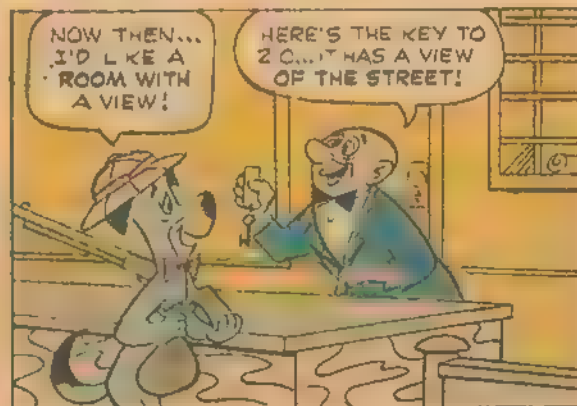
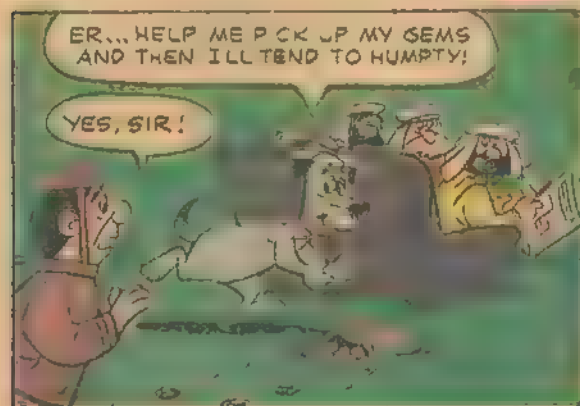
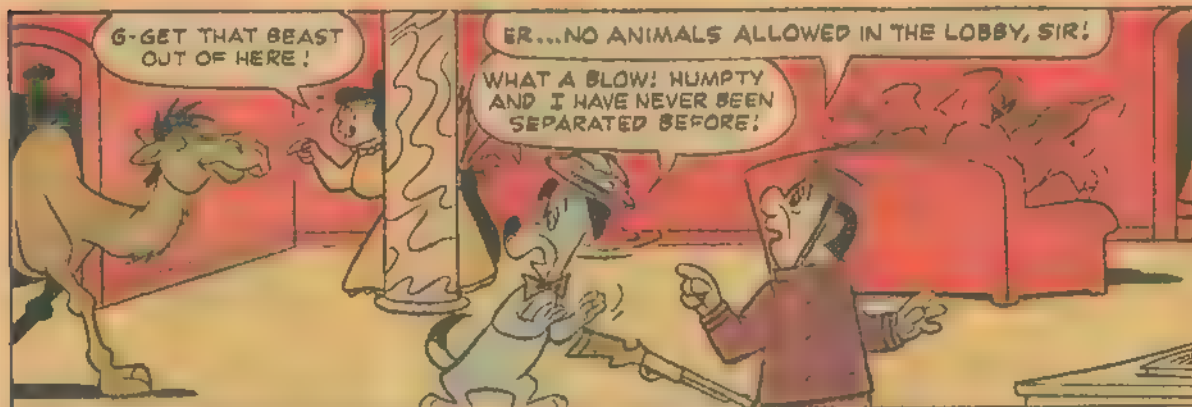
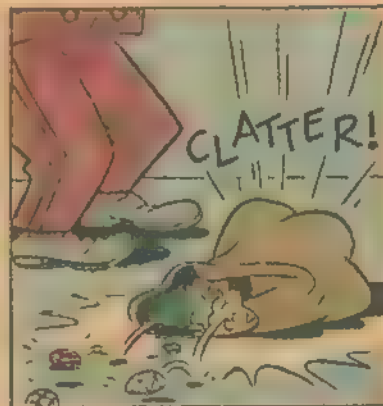
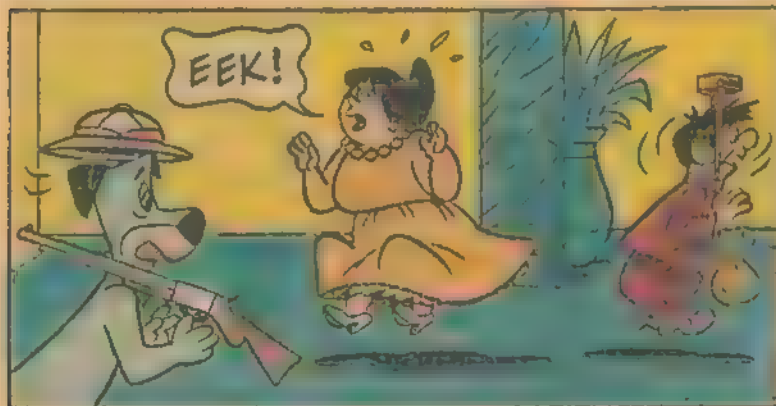
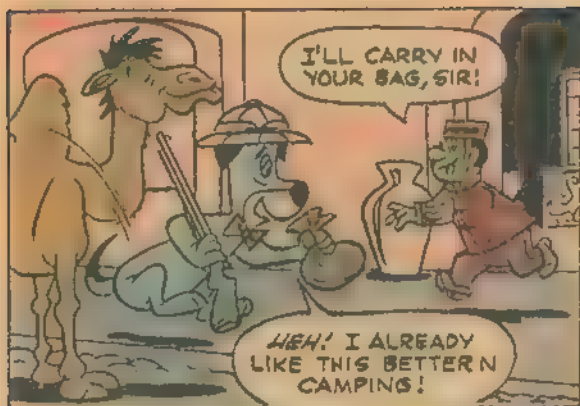
Awake and on the wing, the poorwill is a smaller copy of his eastern relative. He, too, sings out his name, but only in two syllables, though he sometimes adds a third, "up," note which can only be detected if the hearer is very near by.

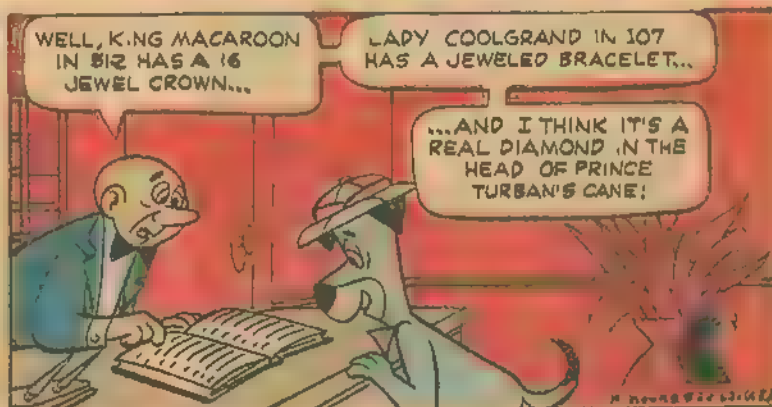
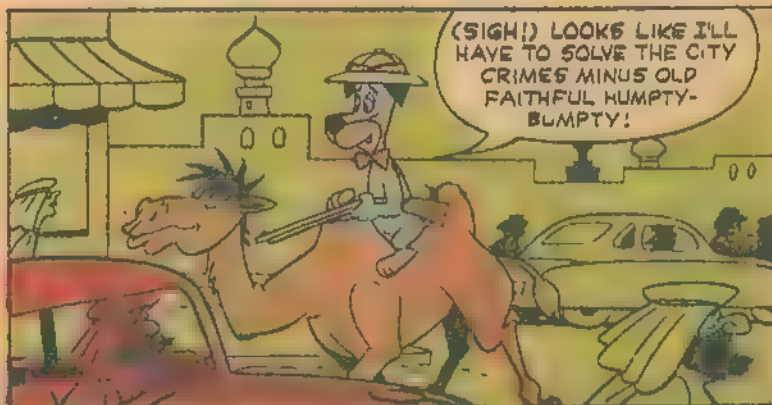
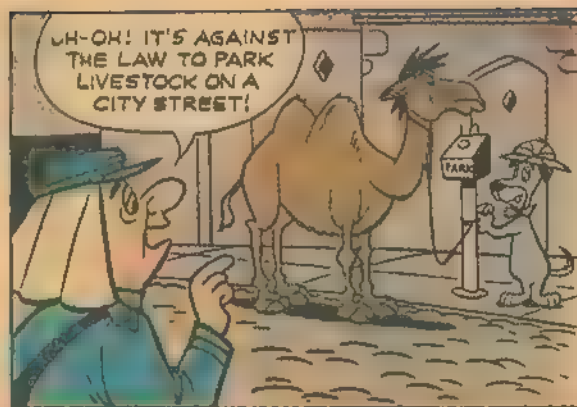
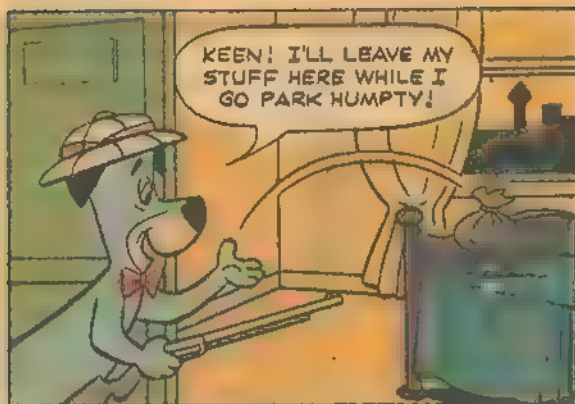
RISKY BUSINESS

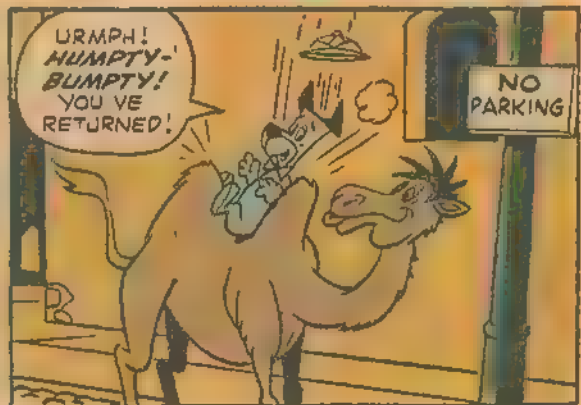
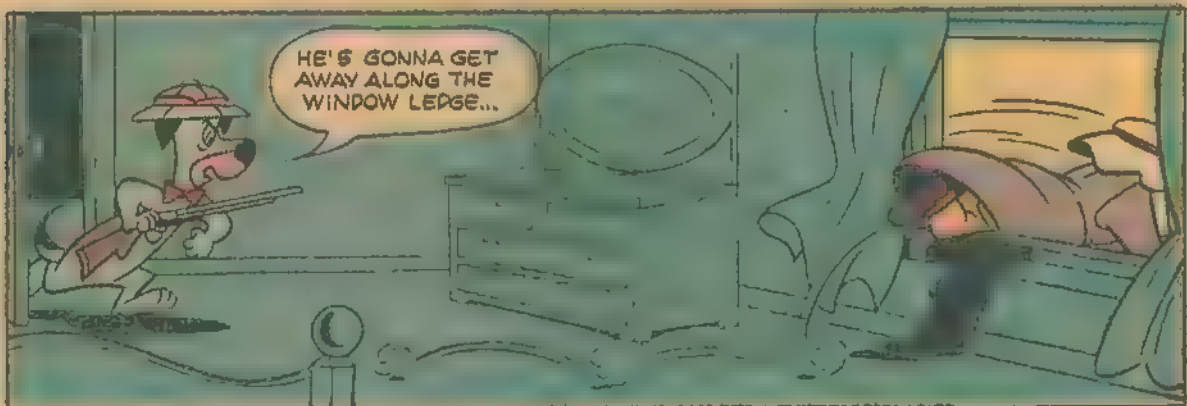
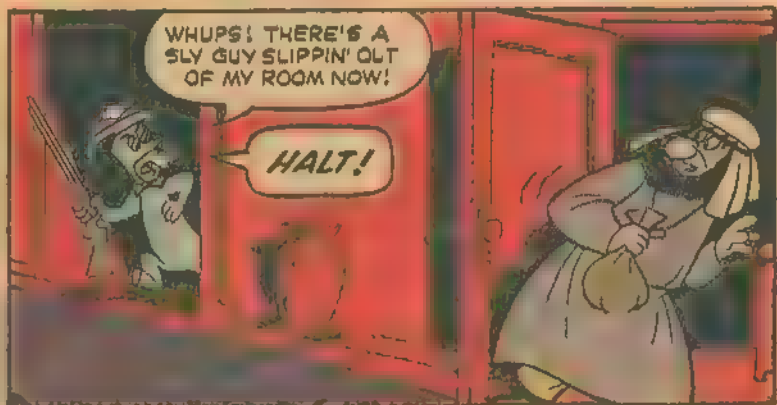


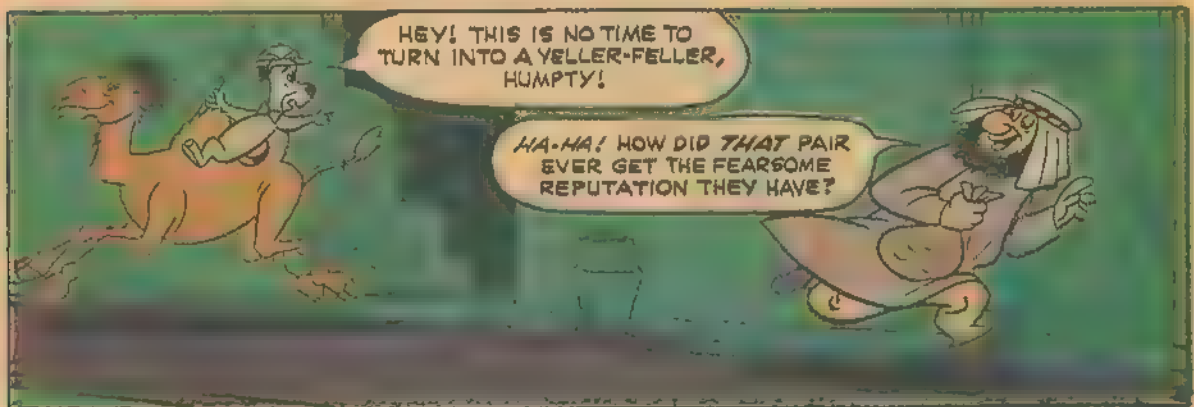
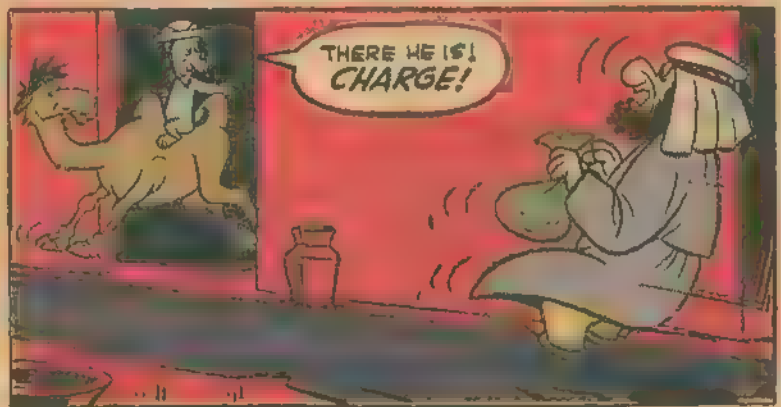
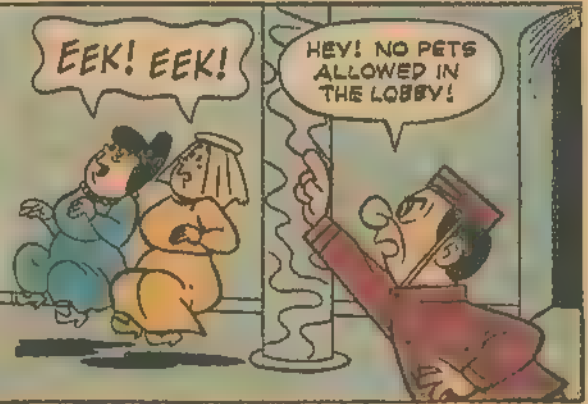
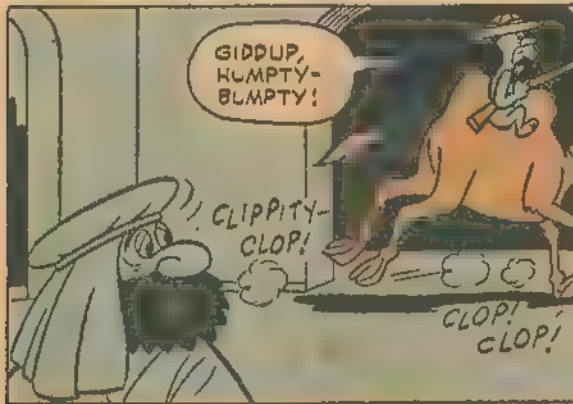
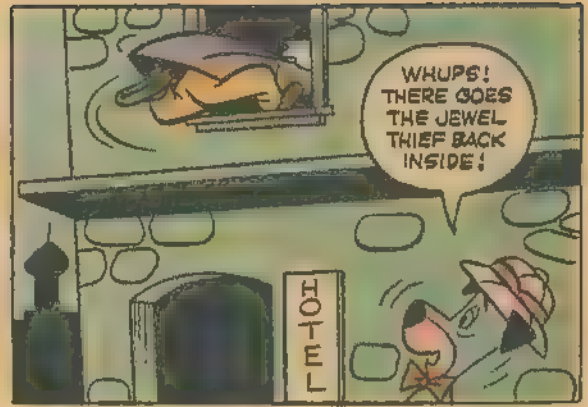
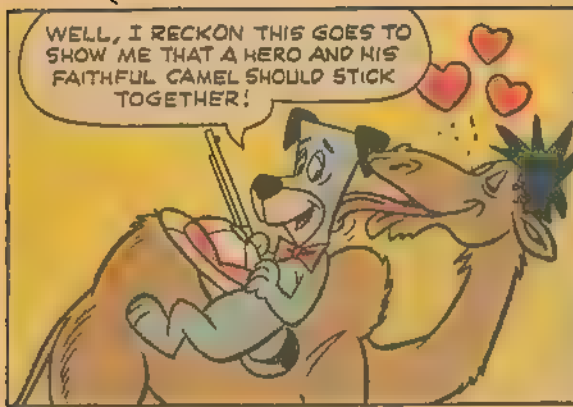






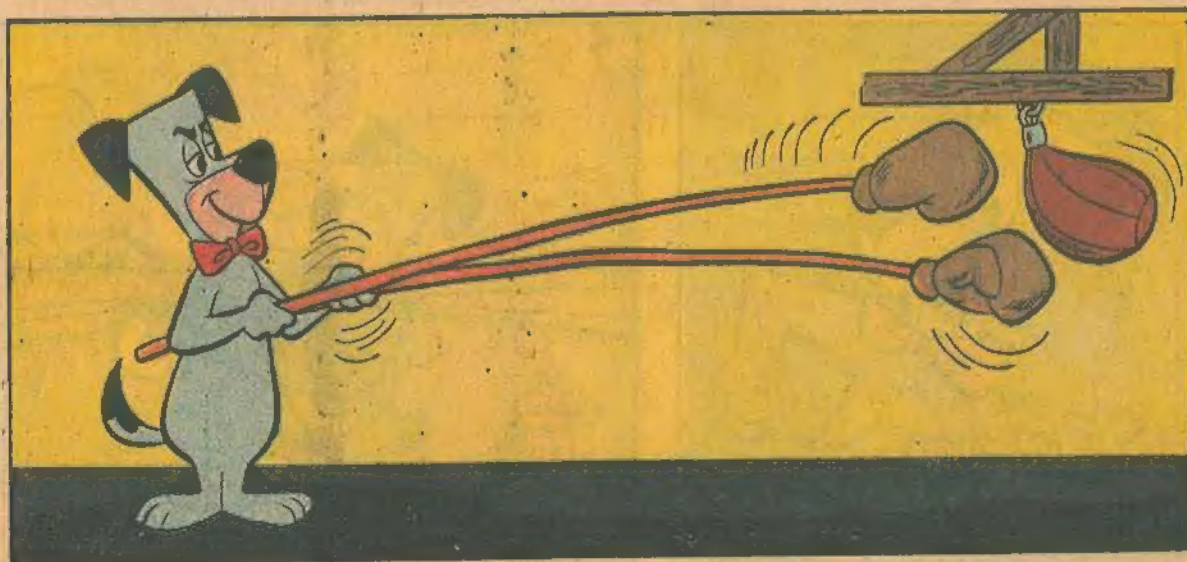
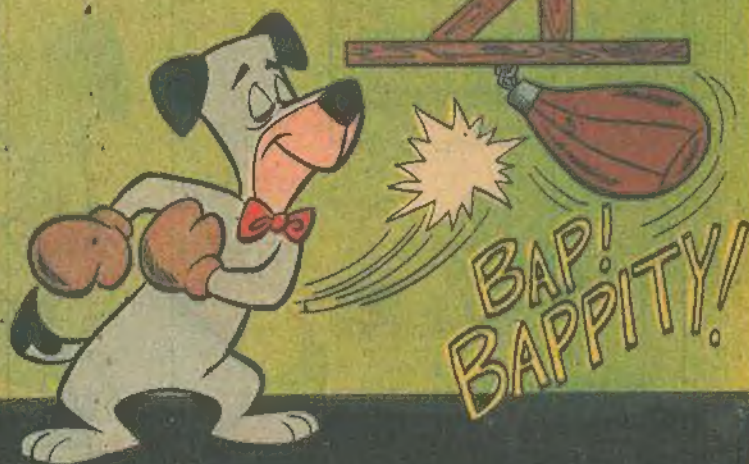




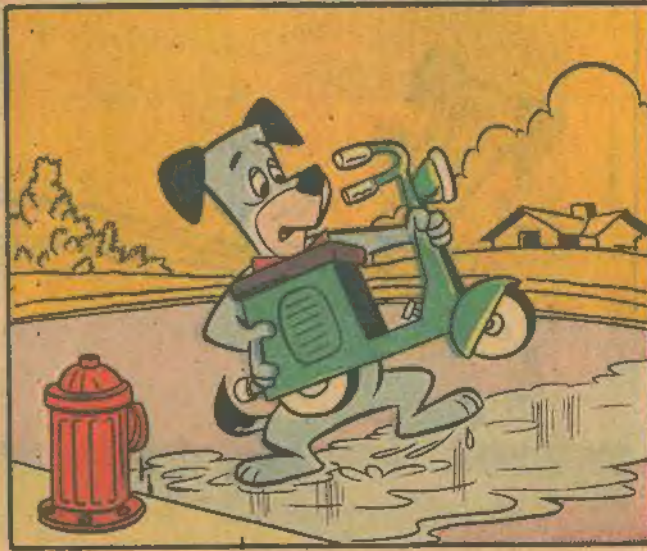
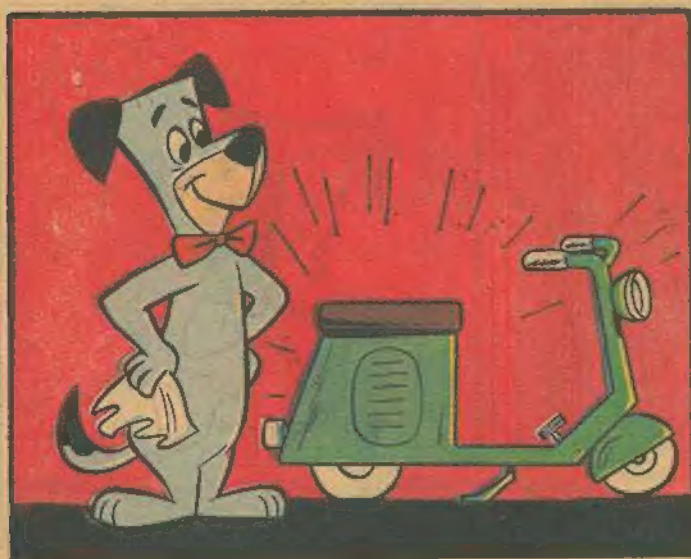
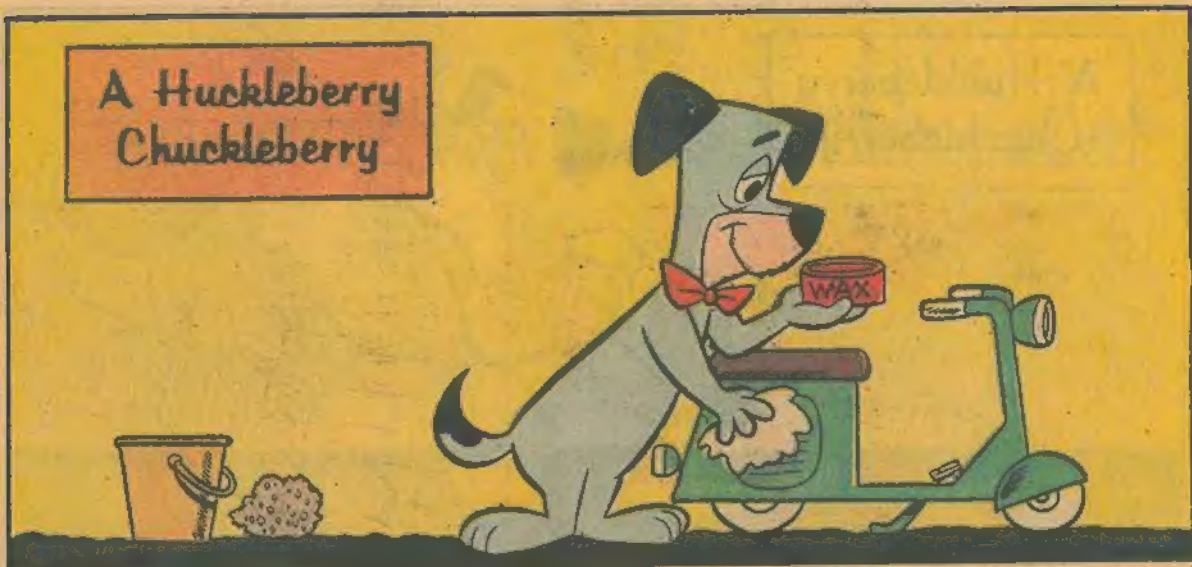




A Huckleberry
Chuckleberry



A Huckleberry
Chuckleberry





KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

WILD ANIMALS of SOUTH AMERICA

NUMBER 2

WILD GUANACO

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



The Wild Guanaco, a member of the camel family, is found in herds of 100 or more in Peru, Bolivia, Chile and Argentina.

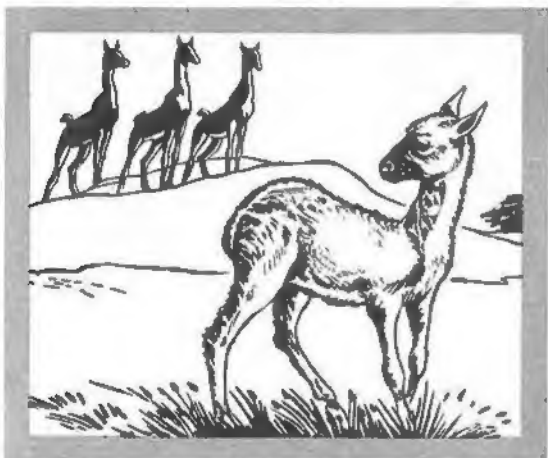


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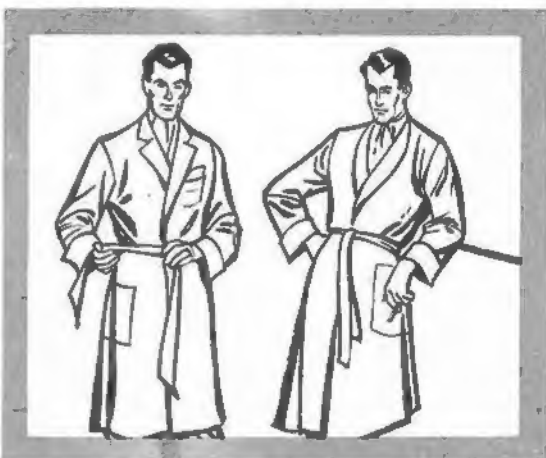
Males stand four feet high at the shoulder and are used as beasts of burden. Often, they fight one another, trying to dominate.



Female Guanaco are used for breeding, for milk, and for flesh and hides. They bear young in May or June every other year.



Young males have to fend for themselves at an early age. They are driven away by the united action of the females of the herd.



The hide of the kid is used to make robes. The Guanaco and the Vicuna are the last of the "camels" to survive in South America.